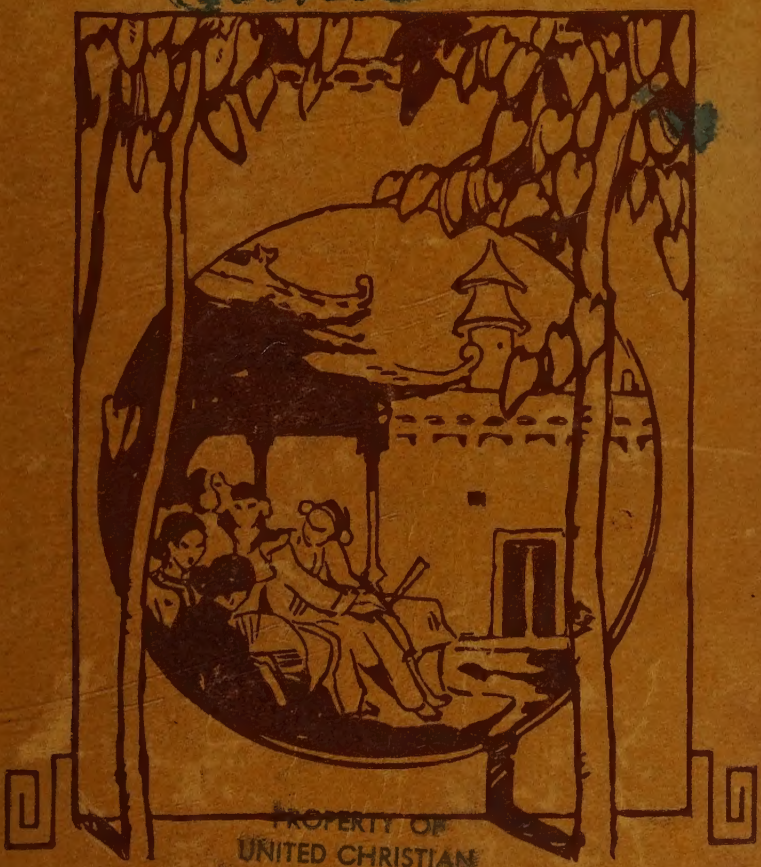
WITHDRAWN

ND THE MOON GATE

China



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Beyond the Moon Gate

To the School of the Protecting Spirit

BEYOND THE MOON GATE

Being a Diary of ten years in the interior of the Middle Kingdom

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BY
WELTHY HONSINGER

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DEDICATED

TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF AMERICA
WHO CONTEMPLATE A LIFE OF SERV-
ICE WITH THOSE WHO LIVE BEYOND
THE MOON GATE

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
1895 East Anaheim Street

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FOREWORD

WHEN I went on my first journey to the Orient I knew as much about China, I suppose, as the average university graduate—which was practically nothing. Perhaps it was because I realized how little I knew that I threw myself with such joyous abandon into the Chinese manner of life and thought. But whatever I gained of that life and thought beyond the Moon Gate during those ten wonderful years was because "I had a friend"—Lotus Virtue.

My Confucian scholar-teacher revealed to me great vistas of China's language, literature, philosophy and history, where I am still a humble student, but Lotus Virtue opened wide the door of the inner shrine of China's heart. I would that every young woman who goes to China might have so sympathetic and understanding a teacher and friend.

These extracts have been taken from my diary of the years and that part of the diary which burned in the fateful fire I have rewritten from memory in which those events were chiseled.

I send them forth with the hope that as the reader steps with me over the threshold of the

Moon Gate into the intimate life of the people that he will come to appreciate the qualities of loyalty and lovableness that are their great and almost universal characteristics.

W. H.

New York, 1924.

CHAPTER I

ON THE YANGTSE

DECEMBER:

ALL the comforts of a limousine without any of its parking difficulties—that's a ricksha in Shanghai—and that's the greatest luxury this former strap-hanging New Yorker has found thus far in China.

Just eight hours did I trust myself in that gay light-hearted Paris of the East—otherwise known as Shanghai. And during those eight hours I bought a ticket for the city of Nine Rivers (Kiukiang), almost five hundred miles up the Yangtse, and saw everything that eager eyes could see, and then with bag and baggage got on to this British boat to find myself its only passenger.

Shanghai was tempting, I confess. It has alluring shops of curios, ivories, jades, silver wrought in fantastic shapes, pagodas, temples, and rickshas; shops, too, of rare Oriental embroideries that one could get for a pittance.

In addition to these there were Occidental shops like those of Rue de la Paix—indeed, everything to lure one back to the world, the flesh, and

the devil; but, having turned my eyes from the flesh pots of America, I would not yield to any one of these three idols apparently worshiped everywhere in Shanghai.

For I have come to China to be a f-o-r-e-i-g-n m-i-s-s-i-o-n-a-r-y. Since taking passage on this Yangtse boat I have looked in the glass again and again to see if I *look* different. And I don't seem to yet—to me anyway—but I *am* one and on Chinese soil this minute, or rather, on her yellow Yangtse.

Shanghai is a hybrid city. It's neither East nor West, but a constantly surprising combination of both. Approaching the Bund, or Water Street, looking toward the shaded European buildings, one might think it a glimpse here of Unter den Linden and there of Fleet Street. But once you are closer to it, the slipper boats, jerked into motion by a single rear oar, come out to greet you—to be exact the unintelligible bursts of the Chinese language reach you far ahead of the boats—then you know it's not Europe, but only a bit of advanced Europe put into an elaborate setting of old China.

Your trunks are piled on wheelbarrows and you are put—literally—into a luxurious rubber-tired ricksha drawn by the best-natured creature in the world.

But sights of the city were too interesting to

see even as deliberately as a "man-power-carriage" could take one, so, having disposed of baggage and business, we set out to examine this new pattern in cities for ourselves and on two feet, "we" being a young American officer and myself. He was en route to the Philippines for service and saw me through the day.

In the center of every street-crossing stood a figure as motionless as the never-to-be-forgotten wax images of Eden Musee. The figure loomed up a foot or two above the small Chinese swarming about him. He was dressed in khaki, and on his head was a turban of scarlet matchlessly twisted and tied which adorned the figure and the scene as well.

"What *is* the statue?" I cried—but the statue raised his finger, and wheelbarrows, rickshas, Victorias, bicycles, sedan chairs, motors, and pedestrians of every known color and costume the world around—all stopped and waited obediently for the hand to move again. Major V— told me that it was the policy of the British in their colonies to have one race police another, and thus it was they had brought these handsome warlike and awe-inspiring Sikhs from India to police China and the rest of the world that happen to be in the International colony of Shanghai. The Sikh fascinated me with his stately turban, his glossy whiskers, that made a narrow frame for

his olive skin, and his shining boots that seemed rooted to the spot. No wonder Shanghai is an orderly city. If they have half the awe and fear for him that I possess, they must all go their circumspect ways. Perhaps it's true, after all, that "God never made an ugly Sikh."

But all the while we two children from the Western world wandered through the paved streets of this well-policed city *I* looked for China. I looked for camels—and the caravanserai. I looked for the city wall and its towering parapet. Where was the drum tower and where the stately processions of Mandarins with red umbrellas, sables, peacock feathers, and all the richly outfitted procession? "Where is China?" "Where is *China?*" I kept saying. "This looks like Europe! We must find China!"

There were plenty of Chinese, to be sure, but the city was unmistakably Western and of mediocre Western architecture at that.

At last after wandering for miles we found our way into a little alley under a city wall! There was only a vestige left of the wall, to be sure, but as soon as we set foot on the other side of that gate we found *China!* Our eyes, our ears, our noses—all found China. Here hours melted away. In spite of everything unpleasant there were so many things that interested me, I wanted to stay. There was the original

famous tea house that we have had on our willow pattern plates so long, there were musical instruments of the weirdest shapes, there was a high falsetto voice of a sing song girl, and the noisy orchestra of a Chinese theater.

"Ye gods! Five years of this?" said Major V—. "You are to put five years of your life into *this?* Among people like *these?* I predict you will leave it in three months!"

But I do not intend to leave it after three months or three years! For in my first glimpse of "China as she is" I found a deal more than he did.

However, the spasm of Shanghai is over! My boat is chugging, chugging up the great Yangtse. With every turn of the propeller I am a few yards nearer my goal—and what is the goal, I wonder!

I cannot even picture what lies beyond. It seems as if it must be endless desert—from the flat scenery of brown reeds on both sides of the river. But yonder in the great spaces there are people, they say. There are girls and boys—with hopes and heartaches and ambitions, but who have never crossed the Yangtse even and who know only the history of their family and city.

To think that just a year ago the idea came to me. Three hundred and sixty-five days ago! And to-day I am actually looking out on the

pagoda of the City of Peace with its thirteen stories looming up to the gods of wind and waves! London hasn't anything much higher than this, and most of our cities, in advanced United States of America, do not boast a skyscraper higher than this pagoda—and China did it first!

Just ahead is Little Orphan Island jutting up out of the middle of the Yellow Yangtse so high that a Buddhist temple has been built on it. Trees have grown there, and these, with the white walls and red roofs of the temple, make a fairy land out of a rock. A priest with his shaven head has just pulled up to the island on his little boat. The acolyte with him carries the provisions they have brought from shore for the monastery. Have they found the best way of life in Nirvana? I wonder!

The dour Scotch captain interrupted my thinking just then. Being the sole passenger, I have to be his audience. He insists China is no place for "a mere girl," as he chooses to call me. He will take me back to Shanghai and will help me buy a ticket to "America, where I belong!"

"All wrong," he says. "All wrong—ignorant pigs, they are, these Chinese"—and yet he doesn't speak one word of their language, but when he talks to his men he uses "pidgin" English! It is too funny. I began to pick up a bit in Shanghai, for there few Westerners take the trouble

to learn Chinese but speak in what they call "business" English—spare the mark! "Pidgin" being an attempt to say "Business."

"Two piecie man for dinner," shouts the captain to his "boy" and "Two piecie man" I discover to be the captain and me!

But to go back a year—a long year in which I was deciding what to do with my life. No girl ever had a harder time! To be or not to be an opera singer—that is, provided European masters found in me what American teachers prophesied. And in the end speaking to the multitudes through music, and flowers, applause, curtain calls, newspaper write-ups—perhaps; but before that years of grinding work in a little bare room there across the water, alone save for ambition.

Again, to be or not to be—a f-o-r-e-i-g-n m-i-s-s-i-o-n-a-r-y; to bury myself in some desperately needy country; to be queer but independent; never to taste the abandon of music nor the alluring sweets of applause and success; to grind in the bare room in some unknown part of an unknown country, alone save for the presence of a great ideal that once was brought to us by the Great Idealist of Galilee.

Again, to be or not to be—either one, for there was Tom.

When I was beginning to feel the ecstasy of interpreting Verdi and Wagner, then I felt that

struggle, the bare room, discouragement were nothing if at last one might be a master. I would put all else aside and devote myself to music.

And then again the world's work loomed up insistently on the horizon. Such a big part of the world was carrying such a burden of ignorance and poverty, and slavery if not of body—at least of mind.

And who should lighten the burden if not I—at least who should help them to see the burden of their fellows if not I?

Well, here I am. North, east, south, and west I am surrounded by China! In five years, Tom, I shall meet you in Paris, as I have promised, and we'll weigh life in the balances again. I may be wrong, and—looking out on the brown barren shores on this monotonous level—perhaps you were right. But I shall not tell *you* that! Not yet!

Those twenty-eight days on the Pacific with eight other passengers gave me a great surprise in the kind of Occidental people who live in the Orient. A brilliant musician, the wife of a professor in the Imperial University of Tokio, and a young student interpreter en route to Peking who speaks and writes Chinese—these two made it a memorable trip and all too short. The long lay-overs in the harbors of Japan made it possible

to catch a glimpse of a land of beauty and delicacy. Mrs. S. entertained us lavishly in Tokio as one can only in the Orient. With her skillful accompaniment I sang for hours to my heart's content! And I wonder if I shall ever sing like that again!

After we left Tokio's splendors the young diplomat and I ventured to see the famous Kamakura by moonlight. A Lilliputian train with its shrill pop-corn-vender whistle took us through tiny villages that looked exactly alike, till we reached the town where Japan's greatest Diabutsu, or Buddha, is. Arriving, we set out in jinrickshas that carried us along in velvet silence through the narrow fragrant avenues of picture houses! Outside each doorway a pine tree hung half lopped over, just as it should, according to Burton Holmes. As we rode on so quietly, always ahead of us there loomed the great silent Buddha higher than the highest trees. The white moon lit up its face so that it seemed for the moment a living thing. Originally a temple covered it, but the temple was burned long, long ago, yet Buddha still remains. He has arrived in the state, greatly to be desired, called Nirvana, where the individual soul is lost in the over soul.

Whether it was the idea of Nirvana or Buddha or the moon, or the quiet Oriental village, noise-

less except for the occasional clicking of the wooden gates by a late home comer, I do not know, but certainly there was beside me the presence of a Spirit who said, "Be still, and know that I am God."

The fact that the great bronze Buddha was at Kamakura I had known for a long time, but that it had power to move one I had not even imagined!

P. W. (the young diplomat) has invited me to Peking whenever I must have a dance or a skate or freedom! I cannot quite take it in. That Americans in China live, move, and have their being as they do in America! I had expected to be really—so different!

Christmas Night at Nine Rivers

It sounds weird, and is much more weird than it sounds! But it's colder than it is weird by a long shot! I have on all the clothes that I can hold up. My fur coat is thrown over me and I have just pulled the rug from the floor to cover my feet! No heat in the houses! And some one at home told me that life in China was luxurious! My little oil lamp (blessings on you, Standard Oil! I should be using a saucer of oil with a wick in it if it were not for you) is on the chair beside me and I am in bed, writing with mittens on! The map says this place is only 28° north

latitude. I studied it carefully before coming and brought my fur coat with a protest! How little geographies know about the world!

Christmas! And I haven't had time to mope, or get homesick, for I've sung at three Christmas affairs already—one for the business men's children (mostly British), one for hundreds of Chinese schoolgirls, and one for the little Chinese kiddies in the hospital! I'm running low on Christmas music! I wore my red dress and the Chinese girls swarmed around me and called me a bride. It seems that only brides wear red! If they only knew it—I'm at least ten thousand miles from being a bride!

I can see that this diary is going to be patch work at best, for if the next four years are to be anything comparable to the last four days since my arrival in Nine Rivers, I am not going to be able to write more than once a month, and only then when something unusual happens.

December 21st the first unusual thing happened! I arrived at Nine Rivers—my first glimpse of the "unknown part of an unknown country" that my imagination has tried to picture for a year. I'm glad no one from home saw my introduction to the interior!

I was saying good-by to the dour Scotch captain on the Yangtse boat a bit reluctantly, because he seemed to be my last link with the Western

world, when the boat moved suddenly parallel to a huge hulk named The Wandering Jew, which was held fast to the shore and used as a wharf. Every nook and cranny of that enormous hulk was filled with Chinese coolies. All the interior seemed to have heard of my arrival and come out to meet me.

Long before the boat was alongside hundreds of them leaped across the deep water onto our boat to be the first to get the passengers' luggage. They risked their lives for a few pennies (cash they call it here; as a matter of fact it takes twenty cash to equal the value of one American cent).

When I could stop looking at these howling but good-natured human beings long enough, I looked toward the shore, and there just as many more swarmed like ants! I understand what "masses" are now—there seemed to be millions of people! And all of them dressed in blue! No wonder the Chinese are called Celestials, for the mass of moving blue made it hard to tell where earth left off and sky began! Men, women, and children—all in blue!

One of the women had thrown herself in the river, but they were dragging her out. The very husband she was trying to escape by suicide was her rescuer, they told me afterward. She must have had courage to throw herself in that yellow

I Alight via "The Wandering Jew"

The Moss Covered City Wall and the Ancient Moat which is Now the Neighborhood Washtub

These Great Stone Wells Plus Muscular Coolies and Strong Buckets Comprise the Water System of the Great City

torrent, and I wonder what life will mean to her now?

In the midst of this blue-clad human mass on the hulk appeared two beautiful faces which I shall never forget. Framed by hundreds of howling coolies their faces seemed like those from another world. One was a beautiful American woman who has been in China for forty years! Her hair was silver and her eyes blue, the only blue eyes in all the interior, I think. (The Chinese call them buttermilk eyes.) The other face was Lotus Virtue's—a refined high-type Chinese girl educated as a kindergartner in America. I have fallen completely in love with her.

My Forty-Years-in-China-Saint speaks Chinese as they do, so that she forgets now and then and speaks a sentence or two to me! On that memorable day of my arrival she brought her sedan chair and announced that I should ride to the hospital compound in it and that she and Lotus Virtue would look after my luggage!

I, who could not speak one word of this language, was put in a sedan chair, and carried by coolies who could not speak one word of English! My Saint will never know the agony of that ride. It was much longer than crossing the Pacific to me, though I suppose it didn't take an hour, but every second of it was a torturing hour of fear!

We passed the suicide procession. They were dragging the weak but resisting woman through the streets. My chair grazed on backs of pigs. The coolies howled almost constantly—what about I do not even yet know. Sometimes they stopped walking and their voices became loud and angry, and because only nine months ago seven Anglo-Saxons were massacred in an anti-foreign riot I was cold with fright. I laughed at myself often, but I prayed more often, and when I arrived I got out of that chair and hugged and kissed every American in sight! It was a terrible breach of etiquette, for some of them, I understand, have lived together for five years and still call each other *Miss* W—, *Miss* P—, etc.!

I shall not shock them again, never fear, but I won't promise as much about My-Forty-Years-in-China-Saint, and Lotus Virtue.

JANUARY 1

New Year's night! A New Year, a New City, a New World, and a new life. I am at last in the City of the Flourishing South which I've seen on the map for a year. How many times I've said "Up the Yangtse," and "Down the map five hundred miles to the City of Nine Rivers—then down across the Poyang Lake one hundred miles to the old city, the provincial capital, a city of a million." Then there was always the

echo: "What a terrible journey! How can you do it?" And to mother, "How can you let her go?" I learned my tale well, but while I said it there was not one picture in my mind or any one's else that could in any measure represent it. Here I am four hundred miles from a railroad! There is not a mechanical noise to be heard except the squeak of wheelbarrows and the click-clack of the bamboo clippers of the watchman who beats out the "watches of the night." I lie awake to hear them. They are like the bells that tell the hours on the steamer, and no doubt both came from the same origin.

There's the Temple Bell too that sounds every night at eleven. One can't call it a mechanical noise exactly, nor yet a human noise. No, it's a superhuman note that sounds and resounds over the whole wide expanse outside the city wall, for we live just outside the wall and very near the temples.

There are no words that can describe the bell; it is music that hurts like a Chopin nocturne. It floats on and on, and after it stops I can still hear it singing to me.

The human noises here can all be heard. In New York's grinding steel and demanding horns the cries of little children are drowned out, but here the chorus of human agony as well as joyous celebrations and arguments, are distinctly heard.

What fun it will be when I can understand it all!

It took four days to cross the lake. With me were my Forty-Years-in-China-Saint, Lotus Virtue, and a little Chinese deaf waif whom I've taken in.

We crossed the lake in a junk which is not in the same class with a boat! The afternoon of the first day the wind died down and I quoted "The Ancient Mariner"—only it was so much colder than his doldrums that the poem didn't fit exactly! And, besides, the eight coolies who managed the boat, got out on shore, tied bamboo cables around their bodies as we would harness mules, and literally pulled that boat along inch by inch, hour after hour. As much as I hate mechanical noises, I shall welcome the day when they arrive. For the sight of these men doing the work of canal mules haunts me. And the minor "labor lilt" which they sang almost broke my heart. If I were a poet, I should write a sonnet to the burden-bearer of China.

Little Sister Cloud met us. Lotus Virtue and I will live with her in a very comfortable house with a competent cook. An equally competent scholar lives in a small house on the compound who will teach me the Chinese language. I pity him.

We were introduced to-day to the forty girls of the School of the Protecting Spirit. They

wore their hair braided in a single braid down their backs, and long black bangs covered their foreheads, so that they all looked alike to me.

Lotus Virtue was my tongue and ears. Their bows were beautiful and their words of welcome were poetry as she interpreted them to me. I wonder if they will expect *me* to speak in poetry. I fear if they do, they'll be very much disappointed. At home my college degree counted for something, but I can see now that I learned nothing whatever in college.

To-morrow I begin the A. B. C.'s of the hardest language on earth.

CHAPTER II

I MEET "HEAVENLY FLOWERS"

FEBRUARY

FIVE hours a day of concentrated study, and after that, if I hear a word I do not understand but can hold it long enough in my memory to look it up I usually spend two more hours in the sheer delight of these baffling characters. It is the first time I have ever known the zest of study—strange that in college at home we pay our good money and then try to get the least possible that will give us a degree! But here, I *must* know the word in order to use it to-morrow; and after this one month of study I can now begin to pick out words in people's conversation. To be sure, when a Chinese clergyman called a few days ago in the pouring rain, I said, "It's boiling water outside!" and I couldn't say enough words to explain! Horrors! If it were only a language founded on Greek or Latin, we could think of parts and endings of verbs, but in this language you have to *learn* idiom and tone!

My desk is large and flat and my teacher is a Confucian scholar, who fills the room with intel-

lectual atmosphere. He sits on one side of the desk, and I sit opposite him. All day long he wears his tight black satin cap with a white button on top. (Ordinarily it would be red, but as he is in mourning for his father it is white.) He wears large tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses such as his forefathers have worn for centuries before him. These selfsame spectacles, I am sure, are family heirlooms—and yet Americans think the style originated at Harvard! I'm gradually learning that everything under the sun originated in China if one only traces it back far enough, and I am tracing as fast as I can; I shall soon have the Garden of Eden pointed out. I've already found that old Pan-Gu "separated the heavens and the earth" and that later there was a great flood. I haven't yet made the acquaintance of Noah or his ark—though I'm perfectly sure I shall.

My honorable Sien Sen's (teacher's) nails are three inches long, and the sleeves of his blue garment come down socially to meet them. He is a human encyclopædia; but alas for me!—I am without an index. There's the rub. To draw out from this gold mine of knowledge (my metaphors are mixed) what I want is a Herculean task. To begin with, he thinks me an illiterate—as, indeed, I am. "Who lives (he thinks), who does not know the Doctrine of the Mean? Who

deigns to call herself an educated woman who cannot quote the Five Books and the Four Classics! She cannot even write her name." And, as a matter of truth, I cannot yet write it—as he demands it.

Of course he is not acquainted with one pedagogical principle, though he is disdainfully ignorant of that lack. He expects me to memorize the classics before I understand them, as all Chinese scholars have done as boys, while as a daughter of the West *I* am wanting to know how to ask, "What time is it?" and say, "I want roast chicken for dinner." I fear we are coming to intellectual blows on this point. It would be the same as teaching Shakespeare and Chaucer to our non-English-speaking immigrants! How absurd! Well, I'm a foreign immigrant, and have to learn my A. B. C's.

The other day I ruffled his Confucian complacency by bringing raw carrots, potatoes, onions, fish, and lettuce and depositing them on the desk before his scholastic presence.

Beneath my calm exterior I confess I was defiant and determined to learn first the name of everything I saw and used about me. And he, learned scholar though he was, became so interested in my queer ways of expressing the desire to learn that for long periods of time he completely forgot the Doctrine of the Mean! To be

teaching anyone, and especially an adult, her A. B. C's is, of course, beneath a scholar's dignity. I quickly saw that to hold his interest in an illiterate Westerner I must help him "save his face." I believe it may be said that I have almost succeeded, for he has laughed an inordinate number of times, and is beginning to suggest that he stay over his allotted time to help me further.

He glows with pride that I can now write my official title, Little Sister Han, which sounds soft and delicate in musical Chinese. For, to my great surprise, the language *is* musical, as it has distinct tones instead of our emphatic accent. These musical tones have their disadvantages, however, for I am likely to have kindling wood brought in when I ask for more vegetables by simply using a low "tsai" instead of a high "tsai." I was served a bowl of soup with great ceremony a few days ago when I had asked for sugar. Alack! I had said "tan" in a low level when it should have been "tan" in a high level.

To an Oriental there is not the slightest resemblance between "tan" high and "tan" low or "tan" any-of-the-other-three-tones in which it may be said. For all are written differently, all come from different roots, and—well, "they are not at all alike," my learned teacher says. But to an amateur in anything beyond the diatonic scale they are painfully alike.

FEBRUARY 26

There is no question about it, I am at the source of the fountain of learning! I do not know how Rochefoucauld or Ben Franklin ever read Chinese proverbs, but I'm perfectly sure that their ideas all came from those I am learning. I take a soft little paper book which I bought for one cent with me every day as I go out to walk and every day when I come back I have learned a proverb! A proverb written ages and ages ago —long before even Confucius was born—but a proverb that goes just as well to-day.

"You can paint a tiger—that is his skin, but it's difficult to paint his skeleton; you can know a man—that is, his features—but it's difficult to know his heart."

"A rich man who lives in the mountain fastnesses will have a path well worn to his door, but a poor man living in the market place lives alone."

One could write volumes on learning this obstinate language, for it has wily ways of deception, and there are daily and hourly unexpected but calamitous results. I could write a page on each new character I learn and with fifty thousand characters in the language—my mathematics fail me in computing what proportions the edition might take! And to complete it I should have to

be ground in the Wheel of Transmigration and come back a Chinese!

There is just a ray of hope these days that the Confucian teacher believes my stupidity disappearing! It has been wholesome for him and me that a British nurse has come into our city of the Flourishing South. She too is illiterate—and she too sits hours and hours each day before a teacher studying the most difficult language on earth. Although she lives on the other side of the city by the Gate of Eternal Light, yet the rumor of her presence as well as her progress reaches often the Gate of Conquering Virtue and the School of the Protecting Spirit. Our Sien Sens, we hear, sip scalding Dragon Whisker tea and discuss in poetic language the linguistic impossibilities of their two foreign pupils!

Whenever my Sien Sen reads Chinese he sways back and forth with the music of it. And being so desperately determined to speak it as he does, I too sway in perfect rhythmic harmony with my teacher, hoping thereby to absorb a local accent. He on his side of the desk swaying back and forth and I on my side doing likewise is a funny sight. Lotus Virtue comes to my door and passes on to keep from laughing outright. "It is a very funny picture," she says. "It is like your 'Laughing Magazine,' " by which she means *Life*, which I take regularly. In this process of ab-

sorbing the rhythm of Chinese I have already broken down two chairs; but if it takes chairs, or desks, or all the furniture in the house, I *will* learn it!

It is a great safety valve to one's pride to write home. In my long letters to the family and to Tom I am an erudite cosmopolitan, and I have already impressed them with my great learning. But once the letter is written and I sit at my desk again and look across at that wise, learned, philosophical sphinx—I measure my learning and am limp with stupidity! I would no more dispute him in his field than I would attempt to turn the waters of the Yangtse back. I would no more joke with him than I would attempt to uproot a yew tree which solemnly reminds me, as he does, of grim ages past.

The language was originally a picture language, but it is not easy to trace the old ideographs in the polished complicated characters of to-day. When first they tried to make a mark for sun it was but as that could not be carved easily on stone, it was changed to . A tree was a trunk with hanging branches, and the sun with a tree silhouetted behind it became East. The roof of a house was simply represented by and as far back as the beginnings of language these wise old philosophers, in spite of concubinage, which is almost

universal, represented the character of peace by one woman 女 under a roof 宀. Their written language has, therefore, confessed through the ages that there *is* discontent and misery when there is more than one wife under a roof, but it would be hard to draw that confession from the lips of the men of China. Lotus Virtue tells me that the women of China have as sensitive and delicate feelings as any women in the world; that when a girl marries she hopes to be an exception to the rule. She hopes to be able to keep her home free from "little wives" and keep the key to her husband's heart as well as to his purse. But if she fails and he takes into his household concubines, she endures the agony stoically. Her face grows calmer and quieter as her heart breaks, and bleeds. There is no benefit in her appealing against it, for her voice would not be heard. This is a man's country. The streets are for men; women are supposed never to be upon them, and their bound "golden lily" feet have kept them within their courts. The literature is for men; women, as a rule do not read. Women are to bear sons, though it is generally supposed, they tell me, that mothers have no effect on their sons' mentality; but since sons are not possible without them, they are permitted that much share in the world of human events.

My Amah has had nineteen children! Only

two are living and her darling boy, the joy of her heart, was kidnaped but three days ago.

The calm, wonderful Buddha which drew me to such great peace over in picturesque Kamakura, doesn't seem to have helped my Amah! Nirvana seems beyond her. She has prayed to Kwan Yin (the Goddess of Mercy) and the Goddess has given her sons, she says, but only one is left for her old age, and he is no comfort to her.

Soap and science and song are what my Amah needs. She cannot yet understand my songs, but she's thrilled with the soap, and is comforted by the science. I shall not worry about the songs!

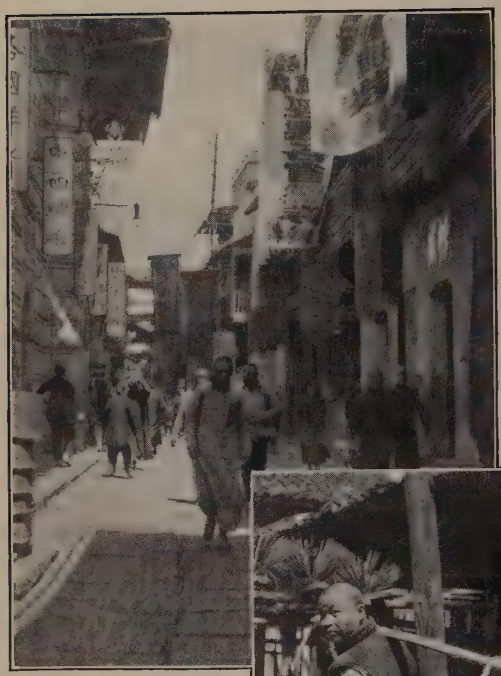
MAY: I LEARN TOO MUCH.

It is one thing to keep house in America, but quite another in China. I am making progress, for I have learned to count and to think numerals as I count. But I've learned more than counting. Be it known, too, that I am a thrifty housekeeper, and because there is no system of garbage collecting in China—unless one calls pigs a system—I have fallen into the Chinese way of keeping pigs.

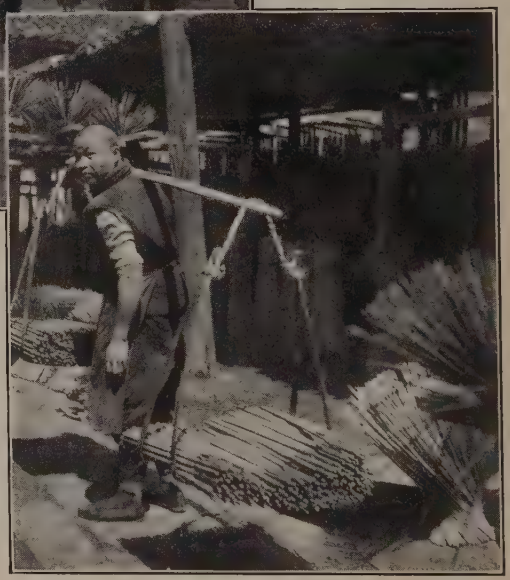
My number one Boy Hsiung (which literally means "Bear") came to my office the other day to announce that one of the pigs was sick, and before I could pick up any veterinarian infor-

A Bird's Eye View

The Wall Whose Gates are Locked from Sunset to Sunrise



Wash Horse Pool
or
"Broadway" of the
City of the
Flourishing South



Incense Sticks
Direct from
Manufacturer to
Consumer

mation he came to announce that it had died. I told him to have it carried away and buried and I went on to my day's work. But, to my astonishment, when I took accounts with Bear that evening he announced a credit amount from the dead pig! He had sold it and got a good price for it! It haunts me yet when I cannot sleep. In spite of all my ejaculations and horror nothing could be done. It was too late. "Already cut up and eaten. Many places in city," said the complacent Bear. I am learning *too* many things.

Bear is the second "Number-One-Boy" I have had. Three weeks after my arrival in the city of the Flourishing South, our first cook, also named Bear (but no relation), came one afternoon to say that the pain in his arm was so terrible, he must go home. Lotus Virtue, who is "our" tongue and ears, permitted him to get a substitute and go home. Instead of Bear's appearing the next morning his relatives and friends came and in excited sentences told us he had hydrophobia. "Was I hearing what I seemed to be hearing or was this language deceiving those who were born to it?" "It was hydrophobia, hydrophobia," I kept saying. That disease that heretofore had only been a word in the dictionary was now in reality close to me.

Lotus Virtue and I sent at once for the American Mission doctor and then went to visit Bear,

who had been as capable and efficient a cook and major domo as any household could hope to have. We went in the simple but well-kept courtyard, where his wife met us, who said her husband wished to see us. We went on to his room, past the ancestral tablet and Buddha, before which heavy incense burned. In the spotless little bedroom our good cook lay in agony, such agony as I shall never forget. Wild with hunger and thirst, and yet at the sight of water falling into spasms of agony, he lay apparently sane.

"It was the mad cat that was in the School of the Protecting Spirit that bit me," he raved. "No water and no food can pass my lips, and I shall die." The American doctor, to whom the diagnosis and progress of this unusual disease was only theory, said that it was no doubt, neurasthenia, but that if it were hydrophobia, Bear would die within seventy-two hours—and in exactly seventy-two hours he died!

There had been, it proved, a mad cat in the compound a month before our arrival. Little Sister Cloud now remembered she had been bitten; and Amah, too, confessed that she had been scratched by the cat. One man servant, Old Wang, reluctantly confessed the same experience. And Shanghai has the only Pasteur Institute in China! Shanghai is six hundred miles away, and the entire distance has to be made by water! We

packed them off yesterday, and "may the favoring winds of heaven attend them," and may they live during the long week of the journey to take the miracle-working serum of Pasteur's! If I could have been anybody but Little Sister Han, I should like to have been Pasteur. He is still saving lives over here in interior China long years after he is gone.

THE FIRST MOON OF THE SECOND YEAR.

A full moon and a half have gone since the North Wind has blown, and meantime we have had no mail. It takes almost a month for mail to come from New York to Shanghai, then three or four days more up the Yangtse—and then—the Poyang! The lottery of that Poyang! If the North Wind blows, the junks bring the mail across in three days, but if the South Wind blows —we sit and wait! My ethics—or perhaps it isn't ethics—are all upset. I want to pray for the North Wind, but perhaps some lone soul farther in the desert of China's interior may need the South Wind to bring her letters—so I sit. As a matter of fact, there is little sitting. I am pulled from one excitement to another. Last moon it was hydrophobia and this second moon brings "Heavenly Flowers," otherwise known in our realistic language as smallpox! Jasmine Purity, one of our loveliest girls, was very ill. I sent

for the American Mission doctor, who pronounced her a victim of smallpox. "Heavenly Flowers!" the Chinese said, and for a moment the words sounded so euphonious I almost forgot the truthful horror. Then "smallpox—smallpox," I found myself saying again and again in English. The reality of it sent the shivers to my spine, and then—as though quite another person were speaking—I heard myself say to the doctor, "I will be isolated with Jasmine Purity and take care of her." We two moved to the house in the rear. I sent a message to her father advising him that his daughter had "Heavenly Flowers," but that although there was no trained nurse in the city she should receive the best of care. To my great surprise, he was not worried nor afraid! In fact, I could not persuade any Chinese to be anxious enough to take prevention against this dread disease. Whether it is the beautiful name of the disease or because they are for the most part fatalists I have not yet made up my mind, but certain it is I could not find one, old or young—who really feared it!

Jasmine Purity was quite ill and I lived for forty-eight hours in the most terrible suspense! The third day her father, who is an old-fashioned Chinese medicine man, came in, and, after examining her, calmly pronounced it not "Heavenly Flowers" at all but "Water Flowers." This,

being interpreted, means *chickenpox!* He took her home and I was released from bondage.

But that was not the end. "Heavenly Flowers" was epidemic in the city of the Flourishing South and under the roof of the School of the Protecting Spirit are eighty-eight girls; and as a precaution against "Heavenly Flowers" I had to administer to each of the eighty-eight a large dose of—castor oil! Eighty-eight spoons! Eighty-eight times did I pour out the hated potion from the gallon can! At this point I felt my sense of humor fade away! The housemother and I stood just outside the entrance to the breakfast room and there we did our deadly work. I, to give her backbone where she failed, and she, with immobile countenance, to keep me stoically to the distasteful task.

To write it in a paragraph of declarative sentences sounds so simple, when actually to accomplish it was an essay of exclamatory ones! One of the cunningest Orientals ran upstairs and hid under the farthest bed! I loved her. I should have done likewise, and one of the hardest things I've done since arriving on these shores is to insist upon her taking the dose after that sportsmanlike attempt to get out of it.

Then came the vaccination—eighty-eight more squirmings! and tears enough to overflow the Yangtse! But not one more case of Flowers—

Water *or* Heavenly—in the School of the Protecting Spirit.

Chinese New Year

The North Wind still does not blow. Little Sister Cloud and her troupe have arrived at Nine Rivers, saved by Pasteur from the dreaded horror. They too await the North Wind. Each night I sing for it as the little ragged boy on the sailing junk does, only I sing *Delilah* while he sings a song of his own to the gods of the winds! It must be these same gods of the winds who carry my message of love and kisses each night to the sunset in her bed of glory asking her to take them with her to America's morning!

The nights are quiet these China New Year holidays. If ever gods of winds could hear, it would be now in the silence of China's vacation. For, from the highest official to the lowest coolie, the celebration is universal. Even the squeaking wheelbarrows are at rest. Labormen and gentry alike are behind closed doors. The streets are empty, quiet and dark, but as I pass the boarded doors I hear the cry of gamblers in the tea house playing the "finger game" and ma ch'iao, that are played in every hamlet and in every tea house throughout the empire.

For two weeks this will continue; all accounts

of business will be settled, all debts paid and feasts without numbers given day after day and night after night. When China is at work she is the most painstaking and industrious of any people in the world, but when she takes a holiday it is equally strenuous and universal.

No matter what I want done, I can't have it done because China is taking a vacation. If I want a box made, I am told the carpenter, or "woodsmith," has returned to the home of his fathers, there to pay his respects to his ancestors. If it is a chair coolie I want, he is in a tea house feasting. All wheels stop turning for the China New Year's holidays, which last as long as you can afford—depending on your financial status.

Three nights ago in a raging storm the cry of men rang out over the angry water of Sunset River: "Chou Min, Chou Min" ("Save life—save life"), and before the feasting populace could be aroused and put out in lifeboats, two hundred were drowned.

In America, the next morning's papers in Chicago, San Francisco, and New York would have announced the calamity in black headlines, but here life seems so filled with tragedy that it will not be known outside the City of the Flourishing South that two hundred fellow countrymen were drowned while crossing a ferry on Sunset River.

Library of

THE SECOND MOON

The North Wind blows. To-night is cold, and after six weeks of waiting the precious letters will come to-morrow! The excitement of it! There will be magazines, and papers, and letters! Can anyone on earth who has not lived six hundred miles in the interior of China know what it means to get letters! While writing this, I have been jumping up every now and then to try to catch the first glimpse of the little red light that will tell me the boat is coming. I shall listen for the sound of the sailors' song, as they let down the sail. I shall love that song forever! It means letters, letters!

I have just been looking out, for from the cold, wild dark I heard a weird and unfamiliar sound. In the narrow black street was a procession all of which I could see clearly by the light of the bamboo torches carried by the men in front and back. Eight men were carrying on their shoulders an open sedan chair with a huge idol resplendent in spangled garments which shook in rhythm with the bearers' swaying shoulders. The flames of the torches burst up like red tongues of fire. Were there ghosts or was it a real scene I looked upon?

The wind sighs mournfully. In its lull I heard the even tread of coolies' feet, and after that there was wafted a minor wail of despair! The solo-

ist leader cried "Lien-when-whei-lai-o" ("Precious Spirit, return"), and the followers in the chorus cried "Lien-when-whei-lai-o," the last tone of which is held in a fine diminuendo.

They are the only light in the blackness of night as they wend their way to the cemetery yonder on the hill near the Temple of Dragon Light. Once there, they rested their idol among the graves and sat about holding high their glowing torches still crying out to the lost spirit to "whei lai" ("come back!"). I saw them burn money, made of silver paper, and then apparently dissatisfied, the *same* procession resumed its journey.

I left my desk for an hour, for the sounds intrigued me as they grew louder and nearer. There seemed no respite to the beseeching cry for the return of that wandering spirit. Lotus Virtue explained that some one in their house was delirious and not dead, as it seemed by the cry, and so the idol is taken by friends to all places the sick one visited just previous to the illness. Since the spirit of the sick one has gone upon a journey, it must be that the idol can bring it back. To my astonishment, they came to our lodge house and asked for entrance. Our *"Kanmendi"* (lodge keeper), Old Willow, came to ask if they might hunt for the lost spirit of the wife of Mr. Lee; she visited the cemetery yonder and our home

just before she became ill, he said. Lotus Virtue, fully understanding, gave them permission, and although she and I are alone save for our servants (who would give their lives to protect us), there is nothing to fear, she says.

The procession entered our house, leaving the idol just outside. Into each room into which Madame Lee had gone, they went, beseeching her spirit to come back into her body and give her sanity. How we longed to suggest a visit by our American Mission doctor, but superstition made the reception of the suggestion impossible!

Hopefully they went away out again into the cold night air, taking up the solo and the refrain, "Lien-when-whei-lai-o" ("Precious Spirit, return"). The jiggling of the idol gradually diminished and the light faded in the distance, as we heard the last "lai-o."

And yet Berr and Tom and all my friends thought life in China would be so deadly dull and monotonous that I should be bored! Monotonous? It is so many-sided that I do not know which or who or what is the most fascinating. Dull? It is so exciting and variable, I do not know how to select the best for my diary.

Here, in interior China, comedy sits daily at my doorstep. "Laughter holding both her sides" takes on Chinese countenance and feature. Tragedy slips quietly behind every dragon-carved

spirit screen in "Chopstick Row!" (A spirit screen is a work of art in granite that rises up before the doors of homes to keep evil spirits out.) Tragedy goes stalking over the mud threshold of the squatter's hut as well as the ebony threshold of the palace. Tragedy rides in gilded sedan chairs; it lurks under bejeweled headdress and brocaded garments. Here tragedy and comedy need no stage to depict them. Those other stages that even now in the lights of Broadway attempt it, will from this day forever be for me a puny counterfeit.

11 P. M. The Temple Bell sounds and calls my neighbor Buddhist priests and me to prayer.

CHAPTER III

THE FEATHER ON MY HAT CAUSES TROUBLE

Summer

I'M on top of the Li Mountains for the summer.

On the map this range looks like nothing at all, but when one comes from a walled city where the thermometer registers 120° in the shade, and where there is no ice, to the cooling heights of these mountains four thousand feet above the sea, one feels they are the most conspicuous spot on the map of China. I cannot describe the contrast. I began to feel the fresh mountain breeze as we started up through the bamboo groves, after our little rest at Lotus Cave. The journey from the city of Nine Rivers was a long stretch of miles across the plain, through paddy fields and little villages, where babies and pigs and dogs run out to meet us when the coolies set down our chairs to rest and have a social cup of tea and smoke. Since the village consists of one street only and we are set in the middle, we became quite well acquainted with the villagers during the smoke.

If any one at home could have seen me seated

By courtesy of World Traveler

The Tiny European City on the Mountain Top in China

To the White Deer Grotto—a University Founded by Chü Fu Tsz over Three Hundred Years before Columbus Discovered America

in that bamboo chair, she would not have recognized me. I had on a dress made of grass linen, the coolest material in China; on my head was an ugly pith helmet. I wore blue goggles and carried a huge umbrella covered with white linen.

My head had almost the feeling of the Chinese "seven-coats day," when they put on seven coats, one on top of the other, to keep warm. But seven layers are none too many to have between me and the sun. It is deadly.

The mountain chairs are made of bamboo, and four men carry them. The coolies have a great sense of humor as well as a keen eye for business. They looked me over from head to foot, then at *petite* Lotus Virtue, and immediately all eight made a mad dash for her chair. She weighs about eighty pounds. I saw the point and saw also that there would be some black eyes among them as they fought to get their hands on her poles if I didn't intervene, so I engaged two extra men for my chair.

It is worth a trip to China to make this pilgrimage from the sultry city to the fresh air and open spaces of the Li Mountains. I could scarcely believe there was so much fresh air left in the world—the city had been so stifling.

Stone steps and paths well worn through the ages make the trail safe, and we were doubly secure on the shoulders of sure-footed coolies.

The bamboo groves and trees soon pass, and then treeless mountains loom up. Below is a deep ravine, and as we turned around sharp corners we looked back upon the greatest relief map I have ever seen. The Yangtse runs along gleaming in the sunlight—and now I am convinced it *is* a "golden thread." Here and there on the landscape are pagodas, a White Horse Temple, a village, a farm house, and, most beautiful of all, the vivid green steps of the terraced rice fields on the side of every hill!

The Chinese rice farmer is one of the most beautiful landscape gardeners in the world.

Midsummer

It is weird to know we are in China and yet meet only Europeans on the paths that serve as streets. They are of many varieties too—French priests, Italian priests, Swedish missionaries, Norwegians, and Germans, clergymen and business men of all grades and nationalities, though Americans and British predominate.

As a matter of fact, this little spot on top of the Li Mountains called Kuling is not China but is an international concession. We make our own laws and with our taxes administer the summer mountain city.

There is not a horse or a donkey here—not even a ricksha. We ride in chairs or we walk.

No horn or whistle ever penetrates the quiet. There is only a church bell, and that is on a beautiful stone tower of the church built out of granite rock quarried from the top of these mountains. In fact, all the houses in the place are made of this lovely granite, so that the city presents a stately and stable appearance.

This morning I was awakened by the song of the Bulbul. He has a liquid note, and no sooner was his overture finished when that mournful "labor-lilt" of the quarry-coolie began which lasts from sunrise to sunset. As they work they sing, like all primitive people. Kuling would not be Kuling without this quaint human song that helps the quarry-coolie lift his load of granite as it helps us carry our burdens which others cannot see.

AUGUST

I have met the Bishop. He doesn't approve of me I'm sure—not yet, but he will. He is very much disturbed about conditions resulting from the recent famine. I have offered to go and take in a family of orphans and raise the money to support them, but he won't let me.

The other day I went with the Bishop's party to White Deer Grotto, which is the oldest University in China, founded by Chu Fu Tsz hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America. The place is discarded save for a few

old classic scholars, who with a little group of pupils still wander under the stately pines and teach them a philosophy as old as the crags above them.

The grotto where Chu Fu Tsz's favorite white deer stands in granite is filled with huge live bats —they tell us it is a good omen in China, but it's a distressing one for curious American students of Chinese lore.

We walked twelve miles, and much of it in more glorious scenery than the Rhine or the Loire ever boasted. I have tried some of the other winding trails of the mountains, too—one that leads to the "Temple of the Clouds," and one to the incense mills, where incense sticks are made whose fragrance fills the air for miles around. The Emerald grotto is another favorite picnic place; it is a natural swimming pool of clear, sparkling water, around three sides of which loom high rocks as sharply cut as though they had been chiseled on purpose for the pool. I am begining to discover that China is beautiful.

AUGUST 10

We are living the strenuous life of the Western world. Lotus Virtue thinks we are all out of our minds to walk miles to eat sandwiches and salad by a beautiful waterfall, and then walk more miles to get home again, when "coolies might take

us there so easily," as she says. I study Chinese every morning and picnic with a jolly crowd of my own age every afternoon, and after dinner I practice for the concerts we shall give. The oratorio "Elijah" will be one, and secular concerts we shall have often. I have found a delightful Scotch musician—not a missionary—who has a piano. She says that thirty coolies spent two days bringing that piano up the mountain, step by step over four thousand feet! (She's a wonderful accompanist.)

AUGUST 20

The sacred concert is over and I am limp with mingled emotions. The large church was packed. People sat in window sills and on the grass outside. The chorus sang wonderfully and there never was in any country a more enthusiastic audience. Lotus Virtue was the only Chinese there. All the rest were European and American! But my Lotus Virtue loved it so, she wept; and she had never heard "Elijah" before, she told me. As for me, I did my best, and, to tell the truth, I sang my heart out to the "Dill Sisters." These two women missionaries take a vacation from their station only once in three years. (Cities are called "stations" here—I have not yet found out why.) They come from some little town down in the interior nobody has ever

heard of, requiring a month's journey in a Chinese junk to get here, and when they heard we were to give "Elijah" they put off their going two weeks to hear it! "We will work so much better all the year with the memory of it," they said. For three years they haven't heard a victrola, nor even a baby organ!

When the concert was over the Dill sisters came up and kissed me. I was too deeply moved to say anything, but I've been thinking on my lonely way home to-night jogging along in my chair with only the light of a lantern, that I would rather satisfy the music hunger of hearts like theirs than to sing on any opera stage in the world! Starved they were—starved for music! How little did I dream when I first saw them, with their old-fashioned clothes and their hats made seven years ago, that underneath were minds of poets and hearts of heroines!

August 30

Yesterday I left the beautiful mountain city, and to-night even the memory of the summer seems dead.

One walk through the city has been to me a draught of Lethe! Hundreds of children burning up with fever and no ice to cool their foreheads! Bamboo beds lining the streets, where, with the help of palmleaf fans, cadaverous men

exist through the sultry night! And back, back, back in the interior, on beds behind heavy curtains, were the women and girls. The sound of their racking coughs reached me and still rings in my ears. The picture of strained eyes of emaciated babies follows me and rises up on every page I write. Their mothers have never heard of condensed milk or malted milk, and they live in a city whose cows can be counted on the fingers of two hands!

Why should one go to the beautiful mountains to come back to find this? Yet I sang so searchingly on that Sunday morning in Kuling, which was my last English service for a year—

> "Is it nothing to you,
> All ye that pass by?"

Hereafter for me, in that chant the picture of the cross will be a Chinese walled city of seven gates without sanitation, without ice, without sewerage, without a water system, with no vaccination and one hospital—a million people, whose sick are for the most part without any medical help.

AUGUST 31

I looked across the Sunset River this morning and saw the Western Hills with new eyes. They are the natural sanatorium for this City of the Flourishing South, and there they have always

been, waiting for the modern eye to recognize them. So far, through the centuries only the Buddhist priests have discovered their beauty and healing balm.

SEPTEMBER 9

The calendar says I have been in China eight months. It isn't so. I must have been here eight years! And perhaps in some other incarnation I *was* Chinese. I haven't made up my mind about the Wheel of Transmigration grinding yonder in the Temple of Hell. Lotus Virtue has gone away to be gone ten weeks. All these months she has been my Chinese tongue and ears—and more. And now my prop is gone! "You must try your Chinese tongue," she said. Yet not one individual in the compound (campus) speaks a word of English!

I am alone save for the amah who sleeps in the room next to mine and the men servants who live in the basement.

SEPTEMBER 9—EVENING

She has been gone six hours. I asked the house boy to bring me firewood for the fireplace and he brought me the vegetables that we are to have for dinner. I said "tsai" low instead of "tsai" high. When I took accounts with the cook to-night I told him I loved him eight cents' worth instead of, "I owe you eight cents."

SEPTEMBER 18

Terribly busy—I adopted a baby, and in Chinese too! I couldn't help it. The little thing had been left at the gate of my Forty-Years-In-China-Saint and was almost starved to death when the Saint discovered her. Her tiny, livid ears had been tatooed—a lasting evidence that she had been in an orphanage run by the government. It's an apology considered as a haven for babies, and affords a few mothers a way to earn a pitiful livelihood. Evidently, somebody loved her enough to take her away from that place and lay her on the steps of the Saint, who told me about the child and brought her here.

I wish you could look into her large black eyes —eyes as big as saucers. She has a prettily turned mouth, and there's almost a bridge in her nose! There are no almond eyes about this baby. I'm discovering there are many varieties of eyes in China—they are all of one color, to be sure, but of many styles! But her drawn features and her emaciated body make me wonder why there should be so many babies born to suffer in a country where there are already too many people! The country is primitive in spite of its philosophies, its art, and its ethics.

I've engaged a wet nurse for "Precious Pearl," which the school girls have named her, and shall keep her as much as possible under my eye, for

when that eye is turned away something always happens! The wet nurse is thirty-two years old and is a grandmother! She is experienced, she says. Last night was very cold, and when I went to kiss the baby good night, to my astonishment, I found her sewed up tight in an old piece of carpet! "Too cold for loose blankets," said the nurse. "Must be sewed on!" No, strangely, I shall not dismiss this amah, for the next one would do something not more terrible probably, only *differently* terrible! The amah thinks I am wrong. It has always been done so since the days of the Mings, or thereabouts and what can anyone who comes from a far off country—where babies, of course, are quite different —know about Chinese babies! But I shall keep my eye on the amah!

OCTOBER

Lotus Virtue still away. To-day I walked through the old city with only a servant to accompany me. My Forty-Years-in-China-Saint had told me never to go anywhere without a servant. So I took with me the *kanmendi* (keeper of the lodge), Old Willow, whose manners are courtly. It is an adventure to walk through the city with Old Willow, who is always alert to see that there is room for me to pass through the crowds and ready to explain

me to the people. I seem to need explanation apparently, for they do so much talking! I entered under the "Virtue Conquering" gate of the wall which surrounds the city built two thousand years ago. A vender sat just inside the gate selling flint stones. He sold matches as well, I noticed. Farther on there was a display of lacy brooms made of bamboo, and brushes made of pig's bristles, and brooms of coco palm. A candy-puller sat near by under a huge faded blue umbrella that protects him from the sun, and before our eyes he pulled rice taffee into such fantastic shapes that parents could not coax their children past him without a souvenir from his skillful fingers.

I passed from small winding streets into the center—the Broadway of the City of the Flourishing South. This does not extend perfectly straight—because, if it did, it would invite the evil spirits, who always travel in straight lines! So the "Wash Horse Pool," our Broadway named from the "Sixth Well Under Heaven," not being straight, is free from evil spirits. The richly gilded signs hung down into the narrow street like stalactites in a cavern. Many narrow streets wound off from this great avenue. I was tempted by smells, by sounds, by sights, so alluring that I had to yield to as many as I had time for. This city, unlike our cities in the West, is

made for pedestrians. One can wander into its inviting mysteries without fear. There is no horse to meet one, no motor, no mechanical device for taking anybody anywhere. Before me now and then passed a sedan chair carried by four uniformed chair coolies. I knew by the uniform these carried an official. I knew him but dared not look toward his chair, for if I did, he would have to get out to conform to etiquette and make three low bows to me. So I looked away and never saw a chair as it approached. I am beginning to be very *Chinesy!* The open shops appeared to engage all my attention, and they did literally—for was this not Silver and Gold Street, where I might buy jewelry by the gram? When I buy a ring it is put on the most delicate scales in the world, and I pay accordingly. In addition I pay a pittance for the work of making the gold into a ring. Their gold is pure with no alloy, so I tried to hide my American jewelry when I talked with this wise old goldsmith who looked out over his tortoise shell spectacles and spying my watch said, "Too muchie alloy —gold not beautiful." I put it beside the rich, warm gold he showed me—and I agreed with him.

Linen Street allured me with its quantities of "grass linen," or "linen made of hemp," which has a gloss like satin and is as sheer as organdy.

I passed through Basket Street where every imaginable shape of basket hung in garlands from the eaves of the buildings and there was a special reason why each was made just so. Through Basket Street, past Curio Street, where "expectant officials" (expectant of a new and better position) have sold their art treasures for a song. My feet did not want to leave, my eyes would not let go altogether; I was held spellbound by the jades, the bronzes, carvings, the Chien L'ung porcelains! Old Willow bowed and brought me back to earth by reminding me we had a long way yet to go ere we reached our destination. We passed now on to streets not so beautiful. Ironsmiths' shops, in one of which two young lads were breaking their backs over the forge. When the flames burst forth I saw their strained faces. Art lost its fascination for a moment. What will these boys ever be able to do for China? Once an ironsmith, so the story goes, had an artist friend who painted delicate flowers and scenes on silk, and after watching the skillful fingers of his friend the ironsmith went to his forge and wrought the delicate flowers and foliage, and scenes too, in iron. These boys will never reach that level. They break their young backs for a handful of rice a day!

Old Willow took me across the "high bridge"

(high enough for a flower boat to go under it) over into the quieter cleaner streets to "Quai Tsz Han"—"Chop Stick Row." The retired officials and prosperous gentry live on Quai Tsz Han. It is a clean, narrow street, the walls of whose houses are high and forbidding. Looking lower, I saw the "spirit screens" along on either side before the richly carved doors, set off with carved granite lintels.

Old Willow loves to escort me, and it is quite easy to follow me usually, as I tower up pagoda-like among the short Celestials, but to-day I lost him in the crowd which followed me. It began with two, then ten or more, then fifty, and later, as the number grew, their tones became so loud and raucous that I was sure there was going to be another anti-foreign riot. I was not far from the spot where, just nine months before I arrived, four Anglo-Saxons had been massacred. I was frightened. I could not find Old Willow, and I could not speak enough words to explain myself if I had found him! To dodge the crowd I ran into a shop, but no sooner was I inside the open door than fully forty pushed in after me. They crowded nearer and nearer until I must have looked all that I could not say, and the head clerk pushed them out. I waited until it was dusk and then took a sedan chair, pulled the curtain down as tight as a bride's locked chair,

and went out of the city wall to the freer air of our compound! There seemed to be some great argument over me. I do not like it. How I yearned for Lotus Virtue! Oh, Lotus Virtue, come home and tell me why I am bowed down to, why I am followed by crowds—*am I* to be the cause of a riot!

OCTOBER

I am beginning to understand China! Lotus Virtue has come back and the burden rolled off my shoulders as we walked through the streets together to-day. The crowds began to follow us again, as I felt sure they would. We turned to narrower streets, but even here the people rushed from their shops to see and join the crowds. Lotus Virtue listened to their arguments, then turned about and talked to them. It must have been magic, for they turned apparently satisfied away.

"They think," she said, laughing, "they think that you are an official. They ask me how high a degree the feather on your hat signifies. 'It is not a peacock, such as our officials wear,' they say; 'we have never seen a bird like that. What is it, and what is the rank?' "

That feather that I had bought with such care to match my suit had caused all the howling mobs and what I thought were near riots! They

were following me as they would an official! The hat goes back into its box. There is no country cousin to give it to, for the "country cousins" in China wear no hats!

I'm trying now to teach a few that we wear hats in America only for beauty, but it would take some time to convince the entire population of a million to whom feathers mean officialdom and not ornament. So good-by, pretty hat and memorable feather. You were almost my undoing.

NOVEMBER

The Chinese ladies have taken me "in." It all came about through Lotus Virtue. When she made calls—for a newcomer makes them first in China (as one does in Washington—she took me with her. At first I fastened my eye on Lotus Virtue and bowed every time she bowed to be sure there would be enough! When I should drink tea or when I should not drink it, she could tell me in English. In very formal calls we drink it only the moment before we leave —and at home I practiced the art of eating watermelon seeds! Melon seeds are an integral part of Chinese social life, from Peking to Canton, they tell me. They are good too. The seeds are boiled with salt and thyme, then dried so that the flavor is pleasant to the taste. They

are always served with tea the moment you enter the room, and to eat them properly takes skill! The trick is, to be able to crack them with your teeth and get the little meat out with your tongue; then, having eaten the dainty morsel, it is perfectly proper to deposit the shell on the floor—but *without* the help of your fingers! That's the hardest of all—to get it out of one's mouth! To see these dignified Chinese ladies smoking their water pipes and chewing water-melon seeds—this was at first incongruous! I can't quite adopt the pipe, but I'm learning the trick of the melon seeds. Melon seeds are China's universal social lubricator. There is never an awkward moment, after the seeds are served, and they are served from the poorest hut to the richest palace. I go with Lotus Virtue into straw huts of "squatters" and to the rich homes of the gentry. Both ends are lifting the veil and letting me "in." I discovered this the day the Empress Dowager died.

Word came by the "grapevine telegraph," which must be a sort of "paddy-field telegraph" in China, that the "Old Buddha was dead." She was known by many titles, for her real name was never used. Indeed, her real name was "Tszhsi Toanyu Kangi Chuang cheng Shokung Chinbien Chungsih" (I copied that out of a book to preserve it as a curiosity), and it obviously

was too long to speak of familiarly. Lotus Virtue and I had walked out from the city wall a little way to make an informal call upon a friend. I had done everything that Lotus Virtue did to the last bow. I was now eating watermelon seeds, and eating them very well, I thought, so well that they forgot I had not always had a tongue trained to the art, when Madame Wang (King) turned to me, and looking at my Peter Thompson dress trimmed with red, said, quietly: "Why, Little Sister Han is wearing red. I thought we could not wear red as long as Tsz Hsi's body lies unburied in the Forbidden Palace."

I had been taken into the *inner* circle! They had completely forgotten *I* was a foreigner and *I* was expected to be a mourner even as *they* were! That settled it! I should wear mourning for the Empress Dowager—the hard-hearted old Buddha—for twenty-seven days! As we walked out of the courtyard into the narrow street I said: "Lotus Virtue, never again shall I embarrass you, for I too shall wear mourning for the Dowager. I may be criticized by my fellow Americans, but your people have taken me in as one of them, and I promise you I shall be one of them to the fullest extent that heart and brain can accomplish—and, Lotus Virtue, I'm not sorry to be adopted!"

CHAPTER IV

THE TEMPLE OF EIGHTEEN HELLS

A Rainy April—My Third in China

AMERICAN mail in to-day, stacks of it! I haven't had time to read half of it, but I have taken the covers off the magazines and torn them to bits and burned them up! Parbleu! The Chinese would think us immoral if they should see those covers! My honorable Sien Sen would run out of the house thinking he was teaching a Flower Girl! I wonder if the West will ever see herself as the East sees her.

One of the letters asked me how I spent my evenings. Shades of the past! I had forgotten there were such things to spend! Last night one of the orphans that I've adopted as wards of the School of the Protecting Spirit fell from the third story window and broke her collar bone. Excitement ran high. "Run for the doctor, Old Willow," I burst forth. I'm beginning to think in Chinese now. "Some antiseptic cotton in my first-aid kit, Amah. Bring fire wine [alcohol], Bear, from my medicine chest." The American doctor came in a few moments and decided that

a collar bone was broken and that the child must be taken to the hospital in a sedan chair. When we started out I insisted upon walking beside the chair, for, even though it wasn't good Chinese etiquette, it was human etiquette. At midnight I returned to find a cablegram on my desk; "Arriving on Tenyo Maru. Tom." Tom? What world is that? You live in a fairy world, Tom, and that was where I lived when I knew you. That was long æons ago, though in reality it is only three years. You are only ten thousand miles away, yet it seems millions! Why should you come to this world—the real world? It has no relation to you. "Impossible to see you—Busy and happy—Your coming utterly futile," I cabled back. But I slept to dream of little yellow faces with black beads of eyes and quiet tears running down strained faces of the wards of the School of the Protecting Spirit. Could I leave them? No, Tom, no!

Still April

Her first communication was a telegram announcing that she was coming to visit the School of the Protecting Spirit! I had met the Tourist-Lady-Interested-In-Missions some time before in Shanghai. I remembered her well and that she was a New Englander. I carefully warned her that the interior of China was a very different

place from beautiful and modern Shanghai, but, in spite of my warnings, she insisted upon coming. It was my first experience as a guide, and I hope my last, that is, if those to be guided are like the Tourist-Lady-Interested-In-Missions. In order to meet her I made the rough trip across the Poyang Lake, for I cannot permit any of the uninitiated to cross that treacherous lake alone. When we first climbed down into our bandbox of a cabin on the dirty tug, she was thrilled at the novelty.

"How picturesque!" she said. "None of my party will have any experience like this. What fun I shall have describing it to them!" Then later, "Where do all these people sleep?" she asked, "and eat?" seeing the multitudes peer into our window and realizing what a crowded boat it was!

"They sleep and eat just where they are—on any spot of the deck which they can fight for and hold, and they will eat 'white rice' [meaning rice only] unless they have brought food with them," I tried to explain.

Before we had entered Hu Kou (the mouth of the lake) it began to rain. The beautiful hills rising up so abruptly from the shore, and tipped with picturesque Buddhist temples, were entirely lost to her, for the rain came down in torrents and veiled the world from us. The tug went

steadily on plowing its way through the rough waters of the Poyang for four long days, and my Tourist-Lady-Interested-In-Missions began to be weary of her bargain. We could not leave our tiny cabin, for every nook and cranny of the boat was filled with people. We had one stool on which one could sit at a time in the darkness. The little hole called a window was over the upper bunk—one could lie there and read or we could both stand, and laying our books on the upper berth read until we grew utterly weary. In the evening we hung up our lantern for light. Conditions, I suppose, are about the same as they were aboard the junks in the days of Confucius, the engine on our tug being the only innovation of the centuries.

I was sorry for the Tourist-Lady-Interested-In-Missions. I would have brought out the sun by day and the moon by night had it been in my power. She was regretting her trip—that was plain.

"If I had known what it was like, I would never have come to this God-forsaken place," she said, much to my surprise, and by the time we had ended the four days of life together on that tug, I was convinced that she needed only to see more of the "rain and shine," "winter and summer" life of the interior, to become a full convert from the theory of the luxury of missions!

The
Temple of Hell
and

its
Guardian
Demons

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Fishing de luxe is Made Possible on Sunset River by the Docile Cormorants

She clung very close to me after our arrival at the School of the Protecting Spirit. I seemed to be her one American link, from which she refused to be separated.

"Little Sister Han, what a cunning name!" she would say. "Remember, I must have your picture," was a daily reminder, which I as regularly forgot. I may make "good copy," but I doubted the wisdom of it from the prejudiced pen of the "Tourist-Lady." My bronzes, my porcelains, my pictures wrought in iron—in fact, all my small collection of beautiful Chinese things—she admired and hinted for "just one." But to all such hints I was deaf.

The Tourist - Lady - Interested - In - Missions wanted to see everything! She saw the exquisitely kept bedrooms of the dormitory, where the white counterpanes completed their spotless appearance. The windows were wide open and sunshine was pouring in.

"But you are making Americans of them," she said. "Why should Chinese girls sleep on beds?"

It was hard for her to get the fact that the Chinese had always slept on beds many centuries before they ever came in contact with the West! Then she wandered into the classrooms, where she heard the girls learning to speak English.

"There's one thing, I understand, that you simply can't teach them," the Tourist-Lady said in

loud tones, forgetting that these girls could understand her perfectly, "and that is, music—they just can't get it, I'm told."

I decided then and there that arguments were in vain. She should hear them and decide for herself. "I will ask my Middle School chorus to sing for you," I said, and at the close of the school that day I sat down at the grand piano and played for them as they sang some selections from "Elijah" and "The Holy City." Their voices were well blended and the parts were balanced.

When they sang Gaul's trio, "It shall come to pass that at eventide it shall be light," the tears streamed down the cheeks of my Tourist-Lady and she said: "It *has* come to pass—it is a miracle! I have never seen such light in any faces before, and the singing is beautiful. I wish I could take them all to America!"

From that time on she loved the girls. But she had more to learn.

Wandering into my office one day, she saw hanging on the wall, a picture of Jane Addams which disturbed her. It was a portrait I have long loved. The great woman's face is not without hope, though she seems to be carrying the sorrows of the world on her heart. To my great surprise, the Tourist-Lady said: "Well, if you are an admirer of Jane Addams and are trying

to do what she does, then you are not teaching them any theology. You are not teaching them much of heaven or hell—and salvation."

How can I ever make Americans realize that going into a country already heavily freighted with numerous religions one must choose the barest essentials to teach and live by? Inwardly I thought much, for my Tourist-Lady could not see that many Taoists and Buddhists are really searching for God. According to her philosophy, all that they are and have is wrong and all that we have is right.

"Why should we teach hell?" I said, "when the Buddhists do it so much better? Come with me this afternoon and you shall see."

No American imagination could possibly aspire to teach the horrors of that particular place so graphically as do the Chinese followers of Buddha. She consented and I ordered three sedan chairs, one for the Tourist-Lady-Interested-In-Missions, one for Lotus Virtue, and one for myself, and told Old Willow to accompany us.

"We shall go in to the city through the Gate of Eternal Harmony, thence to Peach Tree Alley, and yonder to Cheng Hwan Miao [Temple of Hell]," I directed Old Willow. He went on ahead and guided our chairbearers to the entrance of the temple.

At the entrance, guarding the gates, were two Herculean statues of the Gods of War—hideous black idols of wood gorgeously and fearfully painted, but so hideous that only those of clear conscience would dare to enter.

Passing successfully the Gods of War, we came into a large open court or Heavenly Well, on the three sides of which were depicted the eighteen tiers of the lower world. "Who is this," she said, "looking like a king?"

"True enough," said Lotus Virtue, as nearly as I can remember the conversation. "That is King Yama, the ruler of the dead, and those men on either side of him with cows' heads and horses' faces are his assistants whose faces are disguised in this way so that newcomers cannot bribe them."

"But the black and white devils?" she asked, "Ugh, aren't they horrible?"

"They are the Marshals of Hades who are dispatched to seize the souls of the dying and hurry them to the presence of the judges."

"Do you think the Chinese believe it?" said the Tourist-Lady-Interested-In-Missions, looking straight into my eyes.

"I think a great many of them do," I said, "but, fortunately, a great many do not. But let us go to the other tiers. We have scarcely begun."

"Who are these who point into the distance?"

Lotus Virtue explained that at the end of five weeks the soul could go outside and look toward home and loved ones; that it was a Chinese custom on that day to "spread a feast" and have a loyal son speak to the soul—just to let it know it had not been forgotten. "After these five weeks are over the soul-sins are weighed. If his merits outweigh his sins, he may go back to earth in another body of man but if his sins outweigh his merits, he is taken before a mirror and beholds what he is to be in the next return to earth. Sometimes it is a dog, a cow, a reptile, and so on."

In life-size images she looked upon the tortures of the city of hell which is supposed to be an iron city of eighteen thousand miles in circumference with walls one thousand miles high. Fire descends from above and ascends from below; iron dogs spit fire—iron snakes coil about the necks of the tortured. One can scarcely describe it. She saw in the earth prison men ground to powder and pestled in a mortar, saw women thrown into a lake of blood; saw tongues of deceit and lying being pulled out; saw men who on earth wasted rice, put into a caldron of oil; saw men crawling over a hill of knives; indeed, all that fire and water, and instruments of torture and Chinese ingenuity could do was being done.

"What nonsense to teach people of a previous existence," said the Tourist-Lady-Interested-In-Missions. "If there were a previous existence, we should all remember something of it."

And before Lotus Virtue had a chance I said, "Just over here is Miss Mang's Soup Kitchen, where she administers the soup of forgetfulness to all who return to earth."

"More nonsense," said the Tourist Lady. "You wouldn't teach them a hell like this anyway. I think this is horrible."

"But just what kind would you teach them?" I asked.

We took her away, and she did not answer, but she never discussed my teaching of theology again.

I felt guilty to have provided nightmare for the dear lady, so I took her back through our rich Broadway, or Wash Horse Pool, on over the High Bridge and East Lake, out on a little flower boat to the "Isle of a Hundred Flowers" for tea. There, under the little Ting Tsz (tea house) called "Think-Of-The-Good-Man-Ting," we sipped our Dragon-Well Tea and tried to help her forget the horrors of the temple she had seen.

I'm exhausted by the visit of the Tourist-Lady. Climbing to the seventh story of the Pagoda of the Golden Cord, taking her through alluring

curio shops, through the Old Ladies' Home, through schools and our one boasted hospital. And I am not only exhausted, but my pocket book is too. She is not much like our other guests, who have not only paid for all their experiences but left a check for the school as well. However, we have given her a Bird's Nest feast, and thank fortune she still lives—and, better than that, she goes to-morrow!

April's Last Half-hour.

To-day the Governor of the Province "West of the River" called. It was a memorable event. A little after dawn this morning his messenger came to announce the fact of his coming. There is no question about its being convenient. "The Governor is coming. Change all your plans and get ready for him!" That is what all the wonderful literary and poetic phrases on the brilliant red card mean.

Such sweeping and garnishing and making of sweetmeats for a visit that lasted thirty minutes —but thirty never-to-be-forgotten ones! We were sitting in state by two o'clock, knowing that although he said four o'clock that meant any time between three and five. My faithful Confucian scholar-teacher (he is a scholar first and my teacher second) used all the morning hours to coach me in the etiquette and phrases suitable

to the receiving of Governors. Just where I should stand to greet His Excellency, and how many times I should bow.

"When the Governor begins to sip his tea, begin to sip yours," he warned me.

The worst breach of etiquette would be to ask him to have tea—that would be urging him to depart!

We sat in state. We rehearsed our most polite sayings. About three o'clock in the afternoon a messenger came bearing the card of His Excellency, the Governor. My heart began to beat fast to think of really receiving this Oriental noble! The doors of the house were opened wide —both doors. The doors of the lodge were also flung wide. The schoolgirls formed an avenue through which the Governor would pass. First came the bodyguard, then men bearing a brilliant red umbrella on a bamboo pole at least twenty feet high which is the emblem of high official power, and clears the streets easily for his passing. Then came his chair borne on the shoulders of bearers in uniform!

I stood just inside the doors to greet him. We bowed low three times and drew in our breath loudly!

What a vision of sable! A black satin hat with a soft iridescent peacock feather falling over his back, his amber beads with jade pendants, his

large Pu Fu richly embroidered in front and back, and his satin boots. How little would I have dreamed three years ago that I could actually carry on a conversation in the Chinese language with this gorgeously bedecked Oriental potentate! The great man robed in sable sat in a comfortable chair near the door. He not only filled the chair but spilled out on all sides—he is enormous in all dimensions. Being well coached by my scholar-teacher, I insist that he is in too lowly a seat, I stand, bow and with a gesture and high sounding phrases about my humble home being so honored to have so high an official as its guest, beg him to go to the opposite seat, so that he at last reluctantly consents to sit in the chair farthest from the door, which is the "highest seat," or seat of honor.

Scalding tea is brought in my best dragon porcelain and silver saucers. Then watermelon seeds —but he doesn't see them! It is hard for me not to ask him to accept my hospitality of hot tea on this cold day, but I have been trained to better Oriental manners.

We discuss the things of the world in general. We then drop to the discussion of the homelier things about us. He hears from his daughter that the School of the Protecting Spirit is a wonderful school. I half stand and bow to receive the compliment. The Governor also stands and

bows to pay the compliment. I am "quite unworthy," the "school is humble," we are at best "ignorant teachers, mere learners." We both half stand and bow, he complimenting and I still insisting upon humility. Outwardly I am the quintessence of humility, inwardly I am carried to seventh heaven by these wonderful words of the Governor's. The phrases come so thick and fast, and my replies must be as quick and as correct. I cannot half enjoy it, but this one short half-hour taste of Oriental glory was worth all the hours of grinding I have done at the desk before my scholar-teacher. I loved every second of time in all those thirty minutes. The Governor wished to see the school. I escorted him. Every threshold was difficult. I wished him to precede me. He insisted that I go first. We played the game each time, and always I won. He knew I would, and I knew I would, but we omitted nothing in the category of etiquette. At the end of the tour we returned to my drawing room, where we sat a moment. The Governor sipped his tea. I sipped mine according to my instructions. His bodyguard who had stood at the door and listened to all the conversation, as had a dozen others in the large vestibule, at once ordered the bearers—more bows—more bows—more bows—and the Governor's visit was over!

The red umbrella moved on down through the

narrow street, which was emptied for the passing of the great man. The School of the Protecting Spirit is now recognized socially and politically, and Little Sister Han is radiant!

A Tragic May

Life is one excitement after another. One day I was so warm that Lotus Virtue and I had our *tiffin* on the veranda. We eat no more lunch—we eat "tiffin." While we sat calmly in the hush of the hot noonday, the "punkah" waving over our heads to keep us cool, a boatman ran up quite out of breath saying in loud tones to Er Si Fu (No. 2 boy): "Have save life. Have save life. Your man here. He drown in river, now he live. I pull him shore! The Ocean Teacher's kanmendi [lodge keeper]! Where my reward? I save life."

I told the boy to get money from the cook and to run for the doctor, while Lotus Virtue and I ran to the river to give first aid. We found Old Willow as the excited coolie had described, lying stretched out on a board, and a crowd only then beginning to gather. Lotus Virtue, trained in American colleges, gave orders to the astonished bystanders which they instantly obeyed.

"His soul has gone; the gods of the river have taken it," said one.

"Lift this man, and turn him just so," ordered

Lotus Virtue in no uncertain tones, just as the American doctor arrived, who, after working over him a short time declared him safe.

"He is a miracle man," said the company. "The soul of Old Willow had gone and he has brought it back."

Old Willow was petted and cared for by his "Honorable Inside-of-the-House" (his wife) until he was able to walk. Meantime as he lay in a weakened state we realized, as the Chinese say, that his soul had gone on a journey, for when he threw himself into the river, he was without doubt out of his mind.

Last week one evening when I was alone in my office, finishing some important letters, Old Willow came stealing in. It was dusk and that quiet hour in China when houses are empty, for China is out of doors. The lamps were not yet lighted. I had heard soft steps in the room adjoining which I thought were Amah's when suddenly looking up, I saw on the floor kneeling before me Old Willow in his new blue gown. His eyes were wild as fire. "Honorable Little Sister Han," he whispered in loud tones, "they wish my life, and out there in the lodge house they go back and forth, back and forth, all trying to take my life. The long-haired Boxers are after me!" So he raved on and on for twenty minutes. I prayed for calm more seriously than I ever prayed

before. I talked to Old Willow as I would have talked to a suffering child, until when his visit was over, which had seemed to stretch out interminably, I ran for help. He had been safe up to that point, but who knew what turn his fancy might take next? I sent the servants to follow him while I sent a message to the mission doctor for help.

"I will send him to an asylum," I said to the doctor when he came, "no matter what the cost." "But do you realize, Little Sister Han," said the doctor of many years' experience in China, "that there is only one Insane Asylum for all the four hundred million Chinese, and that is far away in Canton?"

The colossal helplessness of China overwhelmed me. It made Old Willow's case seem hopeless, but what could one do? Finally we kept the poor, demented fellow under watchful eyes on our compound for five long anxious days until we could send him with proper care into the country! Old Willow, I learned from his Honorable-Inside-of-the-House, had been through a terrible flood and consequent famine earlier in his life, and this mental breakdown, the doctor said, was no doubt the result of those months of starvation. Oh, suffering China, when will you be able to take care of the tens of thousands like Old Willow?

P. S. I shall not put any of this in letters going home.

JUNE. FISHING DE LUXE

I have a new plaything. It is a rowboat about the size of a Chinese cormorant fishing boat, without, of course, the protruding boards on the sides for the birds. It was made to order by a half-blind old boatmaker, and as sole owner of the craft I feel a plutocrat! At the brass smith's I have had brass oar locks made, and from the Shanghai Yacht Club a good friend has sent me a pair of English sculls! To-day I rowed out just before sunset on the river. I can understand why old Kwang Ying when, in 200 B. C., he built the city, named it the Sunset River, for I rowed through waters of gold.

Now that I can speak and understand the language of the people, every minute of the day is a new experience. To-day it was to make the acquaintance of a boatman who has a family of cormorants that live on his boat with him, and do his fishing. It is far easier than fishing with big nets. The trade is passed on from father to son. He has no other way of making a livelihood. His capital is his little boat, as big as mine, and his cormorants. The boatman buys the birds, which are black and about the size of hawks, and trains them as carefully as though

they were to perform in a seven-ring circus. In fact, they are as interesting as the seals who play ball, and the boatman loves his birds as much as the trainer loves his seals and treats them as tenderly.

The birds live on the boat, that is, on boards projecting from either side of the boat, so that their eyes are always on the water. When the cormorants are old enough to want to dive for fish, the boatman puts a ring about their necks, making it impossible for them to swallow the big fish which they catch. They come back to the boat for relief, put the big fish into the net basket on the end of their trainer's pole, and eat the little fish which the wise man always has ready for them. As they grow older this becomes a habit, and never again do they swallow a big fish.

The boatman cares for them more carefully than he cares for his children. He bathes them, feeds them, talks to them. They know the sound of his voice. When he commands them to go on a fishing trip they flap their wings and are off. One of them sees a big fish and dives out of sight, but at the sound of his voice they all come swimming proudly back to their home!

The boatman whose acquaintance I made to-night has twenty-four who fish for him. Poor tamed birds—prisoners without a cage! If I could, I would tear off your rings and let you go

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free. I would let you catch your big fish and float and swim and dive and fly to your birds' hearts' content!

It must be a terrible thing to be tamed and unnatural. That is what Tom thought I would be, a tamed cormorant. He thought, I suppose, if I came to China I could never more fly, or take big fish my nature craves! Never fear, Tom dear, I am not yet tamed! I'm a wild cormorant still!

The Summer's End

Another orphan! My Forty-Years-In-China-Saint was spending the summer near the Lion Monastery among the bamboo groves of the foothills. A few Chinese farmers live here and they come to my Saint whenever they are in trouble.

She was aroused one night by a woman's cry. "O foreign teacher," she heard, "take my baby —take my baby girl." My Saint went out and found the woman and the baby crouching on the ground. The mother had refused to throw the baby away, but it was her fourth girl and her husband would not and indeed could not afford to feed it, she said. "I dare not go back to my house, I dare not." My Saint cannot take another one in, so the School of the Protecting Spirit has added one more orphan to its family.

CHAPTER V

I ENTER BEYOND THE MOON GATE

AUTUMN'S SOCIAL SEASON:

ONCE, like so many others, I thought that East was East and West was West and never the twain would meet, but Lotus Virtue and many of her friends have taught me it is false and not what Kipling meant. They have lifted for me the veil of their supposedly sealed hearts and have opened to me their supposedly mysterious minds! And now I know that there is no border, nor breed, nor birth, among young women of any race, though they come from the end of the earth.

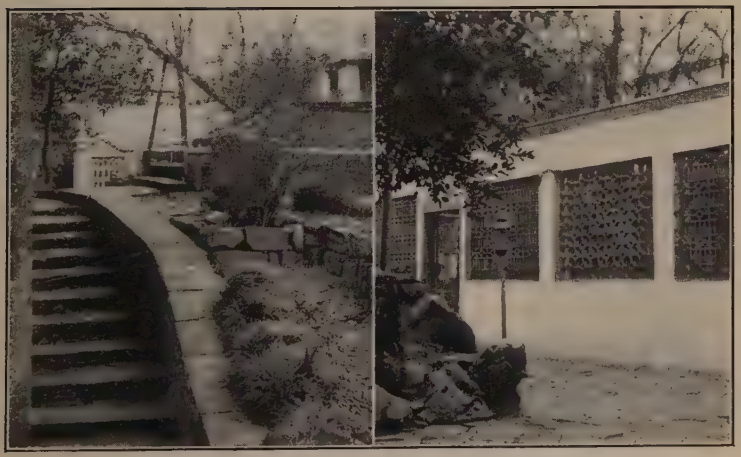
It seems, according to Chinese friends, that I did an unusual thing upon my arrival, though I was all unaware of it. In the first place, I lived with Lotus Virtue—as charming and as finely bred a girl as was ever graduated from an American college. During our first weeks in the old city I received numbers of invitations from American and British friends which did not include her. As any well-bred person would have done, I refused them. It began to be noised about, it

seems, that I would not accept an invitation unless my Chinese friend Lotus Virtue was included. After three months, no invitation came to me alone. Be it said to our Western shame, that never did Lotus Virtue have an invitation from her Chinese friends that did not include me, and because I was the stranger, I was usually the guest of honor. So we began to enter into a "set" or "coterie" that was to prove to me an entrance into the real world of the East behind the veil.

The old city of the Flourishing South—my city —directs its social affairs very much as they must have been directed in the days of the Mings, or possibly the Sungs. Perhaps some customs linger from the scholarly days of Han, when the city was founded, for one of its gates, Tan Tai Men, is named for the famous disciple of Confucius, who lies buried just beyond it.

The city is beautiful and the etiquette of its people invariably faultless. The hospitality is lavish and conversation in one of the most musical languages of the world is without comparison. Sometimes Lotus Virtue and I are invited to a Sunset Feast, as we were a few nights ago. We go through the streets in a sedan chair as far as the East Lake which is the center of the city. Old Draw Bow, for since Old Willow has departed (with his courtly manners but, alas! with-

I Enter Through the Moon Gate



Into Unexpected Gardens of Beauty

Back of the
Austere Spirit Screen;
back of the
Forbidding Walls,
indeed,
Beyond the Moon Gate

Madame Whisper
and
Her Friends Live
in a
World
Almost Unknown

out his mind) we have taken Old Draw Bow without much in the way of manners, but whose mind seems balanced—Old Draw Bow finds here at the lake the servant of Madame Vermillion, who directs him to her Pleasure Boat, which she has sent to take us across the lake. Her sister, Madame Whisper, steps out of the boat. A faint, alluring Oriental perfume surrounds her. She is in her richest brocaded satins. The pearls about her neck and on her little hat are priceless. The deep-green jade in her rings has a soft, silky sheen. The buttons on her gown are also of jade. Her arm is heavy with the bracelets of richly carved gold.

We alight from the sedan chairs and, after making our bows, are seated in Madame Vermillion's Flower Boat. The boatman in the rear paddles with his one oar, slowly picking his way between the large lotus leaves that lie flat on the water and the delicate blossoms that are beginning to close their petals at sundown. A heavy fragrance is wafted from the soft pink flowers; the strains of a Chinese love song in the strident tones of a singing girl on a distant flower boat float faintly across the Lake to our ears. It is better, I must admit, at some distance. We are in the land of the long ago. Madame Whisper offers me her water pipe of rarest cloisonné (they have not yet begun to smoke cigarettes).

Lotus Virtue quoted what I have learned of the old Tang poet:

"The shallow water in azure flows still, without a ripple.
At eventide a picture is silhouetted against the western sky.
While the poetic Muse hovers about the Ching Ting and Teng Ko
Suddenly the zephyrs of spring waken the lotus flowers."

We paddle along under the camel's-back bridge until we leave the beautiful boat and its quiet at the Thunder Temple. There our chairs meet us and take us to Chopstick Row.

It is depressingly quiet—as quiet as upper Fifth Avenue at the dinner hour. The gray walls here loom up higher than those of houses of lesser fortunes. The setting sun makes long shadows from the spirit screens which are in front of every doorway. The only sound on this street of the gentry is the soft tread of our barefooted chair coolies and their hard breathing as they carry their heavy burdens. The coolies let down their poles, and stand resting the chairs on them. We are in front of the spirit screen of the mansion of Madame Vermillion. Old Draw Bow has taken in our flaming red calling cards, as large as a hand bill, to announce us.

Madame Vermillion's *Kanmendi* comes and opens wide the great doors. Our chair-bearers pass behind the spirit screen, step over the high threshold, and set our chairs down in the privacy of the outer court.

Here are many sedan chairs with gorgeous hangings of Kingfisher decorations. Here too is a handsome shining jinricksha which the official who is the master of the household has not yet had the courage to use. It is an innovation too startling to be launched lightly.

We pass on through a large room, where hollow-cheeked tailors bend to their work of fashioning simple garments of the most costly material in the Orient for the lord and ladies of the mansion.

Next comes the Heavenly Well No. 1 which is a large open court where the sky may be seen and where sunshine may come in. Potted plants in great profusion and gold fish gleam here in the lingering glow.

We pass to the side of the woman's apartments, where our hostess walks out on her tiny "golden lily" feet to meet us. More stately poise and bearing is not to be found in any court of Europe. Her skin is the finest ivory—her hair is ebony. Her jade hairpins and her pearl earrings add to her piquancy. Her dark garment of brocaded material high at the neck, enhances her

rare Oriental jewelry more than a décolleté gown could do.

I have had several gowns remodeled, not on Chinese lines, but as I am the only foreigner who attends the feast of this "set"—or any "set," for that matter—I cannot endure being so different. So, although I continue to wear a hat without a feather, I do have my gowns less conspicuously "foreign"—not exactly like the Dill Sisters, I hope; but what I should look like if I stayed here seven years, one can only imagine!

Lady Vermillion invites us to her boudoir. It was lurid with its heavy hangings of gay colors. The great richly carved Yun Nan teak bed, with its red satin valence richly embroidered and its soft down comforter rolled with meticulous precision, made the center of the room. Her chests were of rarest carved woods inlaid with pearl—all a part of her trousseau. She had special silver vanity cases for those of us who had not brought them, and rouge and powder were abundant. I looked in vain, as I have in every Chinese house I've seen, for a comfortable soft chair. But they do not exist.

Seated in the Guest Hall of the women's apartments, we sipped hot Paradise tea and ate the ever-present watermelon seeds.

While the guests are slowly arriving—for the dinner hour is from five to seven, and it is correct

to arrive at either hour—or any time between, we ask to see the mansion. I am a foreign guest, and as I have never seen a Chinese mansion as large as that of Lady Vermillion's, I am taken to every nook and corner of this sixty-room house with its menage of one hundred and fifty people—half of whom are servants. First, we are taken to the boudoirs of the daughters—through one court after another. Then we wander out in another direction to the garden and lotus pond which make a picture indescribable save by a Tang dynasty poet.

Across the Lotus pond is a private open theater where, when His Lordship Vermillion has guests, he invites a group of actors to entertain them. As we pass this some one mentions the fragrant apartments where dwell the concubines or "Little Wives." Lady Vermillion talks about them nonchalantly and says, "Yes, most certainly we shall go there next."

The "Little Dolls" are brought out for us to see. Such beautiful, delicately dressed girls one seldom sees. (Madame Vermillion buys their clothes.) Chosen for their beauty, Madame Vermillion enhances that beauty by the added care in dressing them. The reputation of the beauty of the "Vermillion Mansion Concubines" had gone far and wide. I had heard of it, as had Lotus Virtue, and so had Madame Repose, who scarcely

left my elbow, fearing I might miss some little detail.

There never was a room like the Treasure Room, as Madame Vermillion called it, into which she took us next. Here all of her jewels were kept as well as the art treasures of the family. She opened for us the trunk of pearls! Pearls small and pearls large, pearls in ropes, and huge pearl drops used only for decoration on the little band which the Chinese ladies call their hats! Rubies, and jades! Jades, and jades! Gold in all shapes and sizes and creations. Then there were coral under glass and carved crystal, Chien Lung porcelains and Tang Dynasty powder blue and bronzes inlaid with gold, ages old! We left with reluctance but with a memory of the best of China's loveliness. Scarcely had we left the Treasure Room when we were ushered to the rear courts, where men seemed to be printing books. In one room scholars bent over manuscript. In others, men were binding the soft paper books such as have always held the wisdom of China.

"Yes," explained Lady Vermillion, "once in each generation the Vermillion family genealogy must be reprinted. The oldest son has this responsibility, and as the eldest son in this family happens to be my husband, it is being done under his supervision."

"Seventy generations we are printing, our children will print seventy-one! We send it to all the members of the family."

I thought of my own six generations of which I had been so proud, and kept silent, wondering what was the secret of the strength of the family in this great empire!

The last guest being announced, Madame Vermillion ushered us into the banquet hall. She walked up to me first as I was the guest of honor, made a low bow, which I reproduced as gracefully as I could, after which we walked together to the table, and a servant poured hot tea into a tea cup. We bowed again, while I stood by the seat indicated by the filled cup. Madame Vermillion walked back, bowed to the next guest, and brought her to her place in the same distinctive and time-usurping fashion, until all guests were seated. Then what chattering of Oriental tongues over the sixteen varieties of *hors d'œuvre!*

Next came the Bird's Nest soup and all its accompanying delicacies, then the shark's fins with its chicken savories, the fried duck, matchless in any country. The pigeons' eggs, delicate beyond description and equally difficult to manage with smooth ivory chop sticks, followed, all in slow Oriental succession. Next came almond tea, and dumplings, hot Li Chee's, and dozens of other

things, and, best of all, the Ba Bao, or "Pudding of Eight Precious Things."

In a somewhat longer pause in the serving of the feast, between the meat courses and the sweet dishes, the hostess offered me her silver vanity case. It was the signal for rouging and powdering and puffing on a water pipe, which was as socially passed about the round table as the vanity case had been. Although there was a pause in the serving of the feast, it was in indirect ratio to the conversation that went forward rapidly.

Madame Repose now called for a toast to be drunk to Madame Earnest! I lifted my cup of scalding Paradise tea to toast her with the rest. (They accept in so wellbred a fashion my not taking wine. "It is her custom," they say—and it is ended.)

"Drink the health of Madame Earnest," said Madame Repose, in what I was fearing was a tone of sarcasm, "drink to her health as our Instructor! May she teach us how to hold the keys of our husbands' hearts and their purses as she does hers!" We drank.

"What were my ears hearing," I thought! "The veil is being lifted—not one of them thinks of me now as a foreigner. I am one of them and with them. Madame Earnest drank and laughed with the others. I knew her well. I knew that her husband had no concubines, although he was

an official of high position. I knew him and admired him as scholar, as official, and as husband and father. I did not know the others quite so intimately. I knew Madame Whisper's husband had just taken a new concubine in spite of the fact that she had four sons. I knew that this concubine held the keys to the heart and purse of her husband, and that Madame Whisper was a lonely woman."

"At any rate," continued Madame Repose, very much excited, "we do not take home the gossip of our feasts to our husbands, even though we admit we cannot manage them."

It seems that some time ago, at a feast I did not attend, Madame Repose drank a bit too much wine; she lost her self-control, and it was not soon forgotten among her set. Madame Earnest, chatting one day with her husband, which she often did, related to him the amusing incident of the feast. Mr. Earnest, thinking it a good joke, saw Mr. Repose next day at the Szechan Guild (Club) and told him.

Mr. Repose was much displeased and had with great ceremony reprimanded his wife, and refused to pay her gambling debts.

Thinking how much of their gossip I had heard Madame Repose turned to me and suddenly remembering I was a foreigner, with warning finger said, "I pray thee take not the silly gossip of our

feasts across the ocean to thine honorable country."

After the long feast was over and our good-bys were being said, Madame Earnest came to me and confided, "Little Sister Han, thou hast heard the jokes and the toasts, and the teasing at our feast table, but may I say to thee, that I am willing that they should tease me as they like. Of all the twelve women who sat at that table I am the only one whose husband has no concubine. I alone am a happy woman."

Some of the guests stayed for a night of Sparrow (Mah-Jongg), but thinking of all I had seen behind the veil, I stepped into my chair and rode out into the darkness and quiet of Chopstick Row.

The moon hung low over East Lake. The lotus buds, like all the children of the city, were asleep. The doors were barred and the streets wind swept. But beyond those barred doors I am seeing farther and farther.

The veil is being lifted!

October—I Play a New Rôle

If anyone is bored with ennui, she should come to the School of the Protecting Spirit, where each day vies with the one preceding it for honors in variety. One day it is tragedy, another comedy, and to-day it is melodrama. However, during these last tense days, when both the father and

mother of Fragrant Water threatened and attempted suicide, I feared my sense of humor would again fail me! From morning until night we lived to the accompaniment of excited messages from the stage of action of the love story. A fine university graduate is in love with Fragrant Water. He would not bargain for her with dickerings over the amount of money, as has been done for ages past. But her father and mother, who are country people in reality, live on the other side of the ever-widening chasm that separates educated young China from its parents.

"We cannot allow our daughter to fall in love," said the father. "She shall marry whom *we* choose."

Alas for young China, who must abide by the choice of its parents, made so often without consulting them!

But the university graduate and Fragrant Water decided otherwise, and I very much fear, when the whole story is fully written, that Little Sister Han will be seen to have played no small part in bringing the last act to pass.

"I shall go to the river and drown myself," said the father, though he saw to it that the particular spot on which he attempted to do it was a populous bank of the river, and I saw to it that men were there to persuade him against it. The mother too was having revenge on me. She

would commit suicide in the school grounds, so that her spirit would always rise up to torment me. But her friends, whom we asked never to leave her, stayed her hands, for which I am sure she will be forever grateful. For the crisis is past, and happy groom-to-be has won.

He has made the parents content by providing all the feasts, all the trousseau and what jewelry Fragrant Water wishes, which is very little. The ring is presented, the old people are feasted. We drink first to the health of the mother-in-law and secondly to the health of the bride-to-be. We have helped to bridge the chasm.

The curtain drops!

CHAPTER VI

TENNIS À LA PALM LEAF FAN

Glorious November

SCARCELY a day passes this clear autumn weather without visitors. The Tai Tai's (wives of officials), with their dainty four-inch-long feet, come out to watch the girls of the School of the Protecting Spirit play tennis! Old China with "golden lily" feet watches new China with its "heaven" feet (meaning feet as heaven gave them, or natural) and envies them!

In the new China, however, the spirit of old China bobs up unexpectedly. "Cypress Life," a red-cheeked girl, and the governor's daughter, is one of the most ambitious players. Yesterday I looked out and found she had two underclassmen caddies! One followed her about with a palm leaf fan trying frantically to keep the athlete cool, while the other picked up all her balls! Daughters of the rich accustomed all their lives to slave girls cannot too suddenly enjoy being uncomfortable even for fashionable tennis!

Eight of the girls are spending these weeks in bed having their feet unbound. The little mis-

shapen things are massaged several times a day with oil and with the help of splints and bandages are being brought slowly into shape. Almost a trunkful of "gold lily" shoes exquisitely embroidered have been presented to me as souvenirs of old China.

November and "A Hen That Crows"

It is as difficult to know one's neighbors in China as it is in New York. The one advantage here is that we make the first call. For we have neighbors and neighbors. The Dragon Light Temple to the East has Taoist priests. They are men with faces of saints. They live a thousand years ago in thought, and to us who come from a world where all events of life seem dependent on mechanical devices they seem like interested children hearing a fairy story. But their sublime faith is a revelation. I can't wait to know whether they will return our call!

The neighbors who live on the edge of the moat just in front of us are, on the contrary, of the earth, earthy. Their early morning wrangles, or, rather, *her* early morning wrangle—for her husband is usually silent—increases in volume in direct ratio to her anger and his silence. *She* is a "hen that crows," the Chinese say instead of calling him the "henpecked husband." And every morning the poor, silent man, unable to eat

his rice in peace, takes his bowl and chopsticks, saunters slowly up the alley, sits down by the side of the road, and eats his breakfast out of the sound of the shrew's voice. From the Squatter's hut to the prince's palace they have learned and heeded the wise advice of Confucius "never to quarrel with a woman."

My neighbors for three months in the winter are legion. For two hundred and fifty years the gentry of the city has operated a "rice kitchen," where during the coldest winter months eight thousand are fed daily. The lame, the halt, the blind, the diseased, the destitute assemble at dawn to await their gourd full of cooked rice. Many of them come into the city for this charity and live in huts which they build in the region about the walls of the city called Dragon Sand. They become our squatter neighbors.

The Winter Theater

I have made the acquaintance of the Chinese theater—village, country, city and port varieties. And what amazes me is that women who could not possibly read the plays can recite passage after passage of them. They are mostly plays of the old history of the empire. No programs are necessary, for who the particular cast is, is not important, but "What is the play?" is the great question, and anyone of the race, it seems, who

sits beside you can explain what is going on and who are the hero and heroine. All parts are taken by men and the stage is devoid of scenery. For a horse the gallant rider stalks across the stage with a white horsehair whip in his hand and no one misses the horse. He is there in the imagination of the audience.

But glittering as are the costumes of the actors and fascinating as are the crude devices of the stage, they cannot compete with the audience for interest.

First of all, the spectators are seated at tables and all are eating. We sat in a box, as all the ladies do, and soon hot tea and sweetmeats, and salted peanuts, rice cakes, and the inevitable watermelon seeds are set before us. Eating begins as soon as one arrives and continues throughout the performance. Waiters flit about among the noisy people, bringing the boiling water to replenish the tea.

No sooner had we seated ourselves than from the pit a shower of hot towels designed to refresh the hands and faces began to sail through the air over our heads. Our waiter caught one. We refused it. He wrung it tight and sent it back. Across the pit from our box the air soon became filled with these hot tightly twisted towels going up and the used ones going back. I found myself breathlessly busy watching the destination

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A Hwa Tsz (Flower)

The Beggar of Tattered Garments is so Called Because His Rags Resemble the Petals of a Flower

Young China Sometimes Dresses up in Western Costume but for the Most Part Likes Her Own Style Best

of the towels, almost forgetting the plot of the Three Kingdoms!

December—And Gargoyle Ice Cream

It is cold again. The water in my basin is frozen this morning.

"Little Sister Han," said my house boy, "you like the frozen cream. Last night—big cold, so I go this morning Dragon Temple see from its gargoyles many icicles hang. I get them, bring them home, Little Sister Han have frozen cream for dinner. I tell other people—he say—thy master big fool, eat ice cold—I say my master *like* —I get!"

So I am to have Gargoyle Ice Cream!

December 9—The Day After

Twenty-four hours ago I sat before the open fireplace in my den at the School of the Protecting Spirit. To-night I look out upon its ashes. School, dormitory, house, and all—burned to the ground—and in ashes! One wall still stands looming up against the dark sky like a sentinel watching over a precious body from which the spirit has gone.

The coal piled up in the basement now exposed, still burns with a steady roseate glow and lights up the ruins of our beloved treasures as

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though it would be our lantern on this moonless night.

I have just walked from end to end of the compound. Dear Mrs. Wang, the house mother, was there with lanterns digging into the debris, hunting for the rings and jewelry that were to have been the dowry of her daughter "Eternal Brilliance." But the gold has melted long since in the terrific heat of that fire last night, and I fear it is a futile search!

Twenty-four hours ago eighty-five Chinese girls, teachers, servants, Lotus Virtue, and I went happy and weary to our beds—and now empty handed we stare blankly into the lighted ashes.

It was a wild, cold night. The north wind, which has so often brought the sailboats gliding in laden with a precious cargo of mail from home, last night brought woe and disaster to us all. The wind was bitter and bleak. There was no moon, the darkness was deep. The School stood on a hill in a large compound and far away from other American houses, and when I was awakened out of my sleep by "Han Sciao Chieh, Scio Tan fa Ha," "Little Sister Han, the school is on fire," I looked out and found the whole compound aglow with light.

Warning Lotus Virtue of the danger, I fled in my kimono to the school. Trying to cross over through the corridor which connected our apart-

ment with the school dormitory, I found the fire was already leaping through and its flames were reaching the roof. I then fled outside, shook Kanmendi (lodge-keeper), who was literally stupefied with fear, and told him to sound the alarm to the American families who lived opposite, who would in turn let city officials know.

More quickly than I can write it I rang the gong and assembled the school, which was already being aroused by the same Paul Revere who had called me. I led the children out myself to the lodge and directed them across the narrow street into the American compound, which was just arousing itself to our danger. Then I ran back to help the other teachers care for the orphans who now number six. I ran upstairs, rolled up one or two in blankets and put them in safe arms of young teachers. I remember taking a little lamp and making two rounds about the sleeping rooms to make sure that no one was left behind in rooms already filling with smoke. The flames had now caught the roof. Smoke was filling my eyes so that my lamp chimney crashed against a door and I was walking to the smoky stairs for the last time when I heard a man's voice speaking in English.

"The Americans have come," I said in Chinese, and they tell me to-day that to every question during that half hour my reply was in Chinese.

"Your people are all safe," they said. "What things are most valuable?" I reminded them of the precious rugs, and priceless porcelains and bronzes in my apartments, and my music, but they only shook their heads and said, "Your living quarters are even now enveloped in flames—nothing can be saved there. Is there anything here?" I said still in Chinese they tell me, "The piano!" In a few minutes the four American men were carrying out a piano, another one took an organ and dragged it alone down the steps.

"But where is Lotus Virtue?" I asked them. "She is safe," they said and made no further reply. I found that even though bricks were falling fast, my old cook would go back to bring out some valueless pot or pan or blanket, but I pulled him out each time. It seemed no time at all when they came to me to say that the city's Magistrate had arrived, that the Police Commissioner had come in his chair, that the Governor had sent a representative to offer whatever assistance he could render. In short, they told me the officialdom of the city were even then in their chairs in the compound of the School of the Protecting Spirit, that a company of soldiers had been sent to assist, and—last of all that the fire department had arrived!

"I haven't heard the fire department," I said—and they said, "No, you couldn't hear it—and be-

hold I looked upon the fire department of the City of the Flourishing South in all its ancient glory!

For before me were about twenty iron carts —"Water Dragons" they called them—each no larger than a boy's express cart and all empty. From the carts to the river was a sparse line of men who formed the bucket brigade—but the buckets had to be borrowed from not too-willing neighbors and the spaces in the brigade had to be filled by volunteers from the onlookers, who by this time were numbered by thousands. For the light of the blaze that razed the School of the Protecting Spirit to the ground had shone over the city and the surrounding country as no other blaze in the city's history of two thousand years had ever done.

When the brigade was complete and the last one of the line reached to the river, when sufficient buckets were assembled, the water dragons were filled. A fireman then stood by each cart and with the hand pump attached filled the little hose. The stream was pitiful, and against this roaring blaze now enveloping a building three stories high ridiculously inadequate.

"The straw huts! the squatters' huts," I said. "Take the water dragons to our neighbors and you may be able to save *them*."

The brigade moved on to our squatter neigh-

bors, and, quite adequate for such construction, the water dragons proved a blessing, for they were able to save every one in spite of their dangerous nearness to the school.

The curtain of night lifted and we looked upon the skeleton of our home of yesterday in the cruel light of dawn. The soldiers soon dispersed the crowds and remained themselves to protect the few things that had been saved which were strewn about the compound.

For the first time as I walked out of the lodge gate I realized that I was still in my thin red kimono, and for the first time I felt the piercing wind from the north. "But where is Lotus Virtue?" I asked.

"Resting," they said.

Knowing that was unlike her, I insisted, "Tell me, is she injured?"

And then they told me the most astonishing story, every word of which she corroborated, and later this afternoon pointed out the spots.

She had tried to follow me down the steps, it seems, but finding these enveloped in smoke, ran back to the veranda and called out into the night. There was only the echo of her own voice to be heard, she said. Then, grasping a rope which held the bamboo awnings on the veranda, she let herself down. The rope was so short that she found herself hanging in mid air in front of the

glass, for the veranda below was inclosed. Still hanging she cried again for help, but no one heard; and then in desperation she broke the thin glass with her shoes, making a space large enough to crawl in onto the veranda and escaped by the way of the steps. She cut herself quite badly, but to-night she is out of danger, and is a heroine.

The Governor sent me congratulations that in this sad catastrophe no one was injured. He said such a thing had been unknown in the annals of the city which include a long list of disastrous fires!

Even the safe burned as it dropped into the solid molten fire of the winter's woodpile. The school's deeds are gone.

Everything is gone. I am without a hair pin, a fountain pen, a toothbrush, or a bar of soap. After I had borrowed a comb this morning my kind benefactress, who was a British nurse, forgot to give me hair pins! And nothing can be bought here, nothing!—not a pair of shoes in town; I am wearing borrowed slippers. Arrayed in a man's overcoat, cap and gloves and the dress of my friend the British nurse, I am getting acquainted with myself minus things.

The treasures of my life are gone! Gone! In the mail to-day came my first Christmas present —a string of red beads! and a letter describing in

detail Jack's wedding! It tells of orchestras, caterers, presents, laces, silver, flowers! What a far cry that world is from this! Thirty girls (the others are gone) yonder without clothing or bedding, their little all completely destroyed! What is my loss compared to theirs? For theirs was all, and yet at their early morning service one of the Chinese teachers read from Paul: "For I have learned, whatever may be my outward experience, to be content. I know both how to live in humble circumstances and how to live in abundance—I have strength for anything through him who gives me power."

I wouldn't fail these children now for anything you or your world has to offer, Tom. No power on earth can tempt me; I'm theirs for better or for worse. I've got to see them through.

DECEMBER 16

I've cabled Jane not to come to spend next year with me. I've cabled that I'm going home to raise money to rebuild the school. Lotus Virtue will "carry on" in a Chinese temple and house which we are making as comfortable as possible. Beware, America! I'm coming for your money and your goods and maybe your life.

Beware!

CHAPTER VII

THE PEACOCK FEATHER BECOMES AN ANTIQUE

Fifteen Months Later

ONCE again I breathe the air of the Middle Kingdom. Once again it is eleven o'clock and the soft Temple Bell calls my priest-neighbors to prayer. All these fifteen months as roaring trains, screeching whistles, honking motors, the thousand and one rasping mechanical noises of America's cities have irritated my soul, I have listened for the deep, vibrating resonance of the Bell of the Dragon Light Temple, and every night it came to me over the ten thousand miles and brought peace.

Yes, once more I am back in the City of the Flourishing South gazing upon the ruins of the School of the Protecting Spirit which have not changed since that night of awful memory fifteen months ago!

Yonder in the freight boxes are building plans and materials and educational equipment. There lies my reward for those fifteen terrible months! About me sit American friends who are to be the new faculty. When the people of the city

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and even the girls who suffered so keen a loss see these they are almost willing to admit the fire was a blessing in disguise.

Rushing madly about America from East to West, from North to South, making four hundred and sixty-five speeches in those fifteen months, and mostly in "one night stands," was thrilling beyond imagination! I feel as if I had earned that money.

There were all varieties of American communities. I spoke in country villages in little parlors that I'm sure were used only once or twice a year and in luxurious drawing rooms in cities. I slept in farmhouses, where the water froze in my basin, and where my hostess replied to my questioning, "We have breakfast at 5:30 now"; and this in the dead of winter, and when I went down to that breakfast by lamplight it was to find the table laden with pies, cakes, doughnuts, cookies, pickles, and later, as if it were an afterthought, courses of fruit, oatmeal, eggs, and coffee. From there I went into mansions where maids unpacked my bags, where an osteopath was called in to help me endure the strain of the journey, and where—oh, best luxury of all!—I had my breakfast in bed.

At the end of every day, as I lay my weary head down to think of the Dragon Light Temple Bell I had first to calculate, "How much money

have I added to the fund to-day?" There was but one way to measure the success of all my words. When it was two thousand dollars it was heaven, but when it was seventy-five dollars the goal seemed endless. But a picture of eighty-five Chinese girls escaping from a burning building, having lost all they had, was ever before me—and I knew it had to be done and would be done. People were surprisingly generous! The American Well Works presented me with a marvelous pump and engine which they sent freight paid, so that we shall have the first water system in two thousand years in the city. At least the chronicles of old Kwan Ying, its founder, have never mentioned any!

Rathbone Sard and Company sent me a shining cookstove. My cook's face is wreathed in smiles as he looks at it; and then my *pièce de résistance* is a bathtub—a gleaming white bath tub! With all these innovations the school is certain to be a city museum. With the first bathtub in the city, the first Victrola, the first microscope, the first moving picture machine, I shall have to train someone to be a Cook's guide to conduct the tourist parties through! My imagination runs on, but inside those boxes yonder *are,* in fact, the chemical laboratory, the pump, the stove, the bathtub, and all the other devices that generous America poured out in response to my plea!

OCTOBER—I BUY THE DRAGON SAND.

I'm in the midst of buying the Dragon Sand—piecemeal. Raising the money I thought was hard, but spending it requires the mind of a Sherlock Holmes!

To-day one suave, bewhiskered, long-finger-nailed gentleman brought in a deed that looked as though it had been dug from some ancient tomb. There had been a dispute about the original deed of a certain section of the Dragon Sand. "This deed," repeating the word and tapping his long finger nails on the old brown paper almost falling to pieces, "you will see is the original one."

To be sure, it looked as old as the Dragon Sand itself, but after the suave gentleman departed, we examined it and found its apparent age was caused by dipping the paper in hot opium!

But my lawyer friend, Mr. Wu, knows all the tricks of his race, and with his keenness and Lotus Virtue's caution the School of the Protecting Spirit shall be spared.

I walked out to-day with Lotus Virtue to look over the much-discussed Dragon Sand. There are twelve acres of it! Seventy-two Mou! And *on* it are two ponds, twelve huts, one temple, and five hundred graves! Shades of Kwan Ying!

and all on the Dragon Sand whose contour so resembled the dragon that it has never been changed lest his Highness the Dragon be disturbed and take revenge!

November—In a Changed China

It is hard to get accustomed to this new China to which I have returned. Such a different China it is from the one I left fifteen months ago! When I took my boat, so soon after the fire, I left an empire ruled by the Manchus, but an empire whose traditions carried back to the Chinese emperors two thousand years and more before the Manchus figured in its history.

The revolution feared and skillfully, though cruelly, made impossible while the Empress Dowager lived, came while I was rushing from city to city in America. The City of the Flourishing South was fortunately not invaded, for the loyal wealthy gentry offered a large sum to the revolutionary leaders that the city might be spared the consequent looting and horror. For weeks Lotus Virtue and the orphans who had no homes slept in the hospital compound with bags of money under their pillows ready to escape at a moment's notice, which, thank God, never came.

A wholly new China greets me. Gone are the sable coats, and the peacock feathers—gone the

amber beads, the embroidered Pu Fus, and all the other gorgeous insignia of rank. For the most part they are filling curio shops. The Governor will never again ride forth in state to my lodge house preceded by his red umbrella.

Never again will the passing of an official in the streets of Peking be an event to be remembered and to bring forth awe-inspiring allegiance. The new official will come on the back of a pony, perhaps, as Sun Yat Sen did a few nights ago. The crowds jammed into the narrow streets in a manner unknown to China of a year ago and hailed him as the country's saviour.

The queue and the long satin garment are banished. The Governor banquets us carrying his high hat and wearing a Prince Albert and well-creased trousers, walking awkwardly in squeaking Western shoes!

Whether for better or for worse the old days are gone. Old China is beginning to beat a retreat. Many of our girl patriots, and of the better class too, have cropped their queues, as have the men and boys, thus throwing off forever the badge of Manchu domination.

The fire of devotion to the Republic burned high those days in the heart of every girl in China and still burns. No one dares to prophesy the future of this country when her womanhood shall be unbound in body and mind and spirit.

THANKSGIVING DAY

At home it's Thanksgiving Day! How far back in history the Pilgrims used to seem! And in this part of the world they seem so recent! To adjust one's values in the light of both Oriental and Occidental history is a difficult task. Blessed be those who know but one!

I have spent my day with Chinese contractors! Night is come and there's little progress to be thankful for, for, however one may try to "hustle the East," it can't be done.

How I have longed for my New York architect who presented me with these exquisite plans! They carry out exactly the ideas I gave to him those sultry evenings in New York last summer! But when I placed the linen sheets before my contractor, Cheo Lao Ban, his face was blank. All the beauty of detail was lost to him. They must be remade and must be explained point by point in careful Chinese! The task of a month!

My contractor's name is literally Old Board Complete! May he be true to his name!

It has been a strange Thanksgiving Day! As dinner time approached we went to celebrate the feast with the Americans who live within the walls. It was already dark when we started out on the little path that winds beside the Wall toward the Gate of Conquering Virtue. As we moved silently along close by the high ancient

wall—our lanterns the only lights in the blackness—I realized to the full our ten thousand miles distance from home, and from the family reunions taking place in the cities of America. I saw for a moment the gay hotels where so many were dining—I heard the music, I heard the noble hymns which had been sung in the morning services that express at its best what the history of Thanksgiving Day means to those who possess and honor the American tradition. We walked on to the city gate, which had closed at sundown just as it has done for a thousand years and more. Old Draw Bow took my key which the magistrate has given me, which looks like the half of a large wooden ladle, and slipped it under the great gate.

"Who goes there?" called out the sentinel within who guarded the gate.

"Little Sister Han wishes to enter; she goes to a feast with her fellow countrymen," replied Old Draw Bow, respectfully, and telling, as a Chinese always does, the story in detail. A few minutes of silence passed. Old Draw Bow and I knew that the sentinel was now matching my half-key with the other half kept by the official within. Soon he returned, and loosening the great iron chain which barred the gates, opened them just wide enough for one to pass in at a time. Once at the home of our fellow countrymen by the

East Lake, we lived in America again for hours; talked and sang in our own tongue, and at a late hour we separated with great reluctance.

I wonder where Tom ate his Thanksgiving dinner to-day. Well, I know why I'm here and am content.

DECEMBER

Who ever dreamed—I least of all—that some day I should become a contractor and builder. But building when one is her own contractor, as I have been obliged to be, is more exciting than one could imagine. There has been one great advantage—I may have things as I like, and just now I'm determined to have a temple roof on my buildings. The Chinese say they will look like a man with Western clothes and a Chinese hat, but that doesn't trouble me. To-day I rode to the other side of the city to the Emperor's Temple to examine the roof in detail. Contractor Complete climbed to the top and measured it—cornices, ridge, gargoyles, and all! We shall copy it.

DECEMBER 10

The entrance of the new School of the Protecting Spirit having been built beside the moat, a bridge was needed. As a matter of fact, I believe that some day the moat will become a boulevard and the entrance will then be even more

beautiful, though not so picturesque. But I have ventured to build a wooden bridge across the moat.

Fragrant Orchid has told her father, the magistrate, about it, and no one knows what will happen.

THE DAY AFTER

It has happened. The magistrate called yesterday. "I crossed the moat," said his Excellency, "on a new bridge which makes the approach to the school one of great dignity and pleasure." "It is true," I replied, "I felt that we could not ask the visiting parents and friends to ride through the alleys of our squatter neighbors."

"Then Little Sister Han has made it for the public?" he asked.

"For all who care to pass over it," I answered.

"Since she has done this for the public good, it will be my pleasure to reimburse her," and he sent the full cost of the bridge!

Having so much money I suspect I shall take in another orphan.

DECEMBER 24—A SOMBER CHRISTMAS EVE

The clock turns almost to midnight—Christmas Eve. At home, I keep reminding myself, it is only this morning, but here it is the night before Christmas. The house has long since become quiet. We have hung our stockings—we Ameri-

cans—and have hung stockings for our orphans, who will have an American breakfast with us in the morning.

But to-night is still mine—these last hours before the dawn of Christmas Day. I have finished Dickens' *Christmas Carol* and Luke's thrilling story—the two things I always read on Christmas Eve—and now I still linger unable to leave the dying embers of the open fire.

What difference has it made in this old city of the Flourishing South that once a Babe was born in Bethlehem? "How can it be done, O Man of Galilee, Thou who lived among people so very like these who sleep yonder within the great city wall, where the moon and stars hang even now so bright? Is Nirvana the way to peace, or is it the Via Dolorosa, the more difficult way thou didst walk on earth?"

Good night, America; this is my last hour of devotion with you. To-morrow I spend with lovely young China groping for the new way of Life!

CHRISTMAS DAY

It began and ended with music. Just as the red glow of dawn rose in the eastern sky silhouetting the parapet of the city wall black against it, I heard voices:

> "Hark! the herald angels sing,
> 'Glory to the new-born King.'"

Without stirring I listened to the entire verse, and then looking out saw the Chinese girl-angels robed in white counterpanes, each with a candle in her hand to light the way. The white-robed choir walked single file to the window of every member of the faculty and made the dawn of Christmas Day forever memorable, with carols that have only begun to be loved in their land.

After a short early service the great work of the day began—for the girls of the School of the Protecting Spirit were to give a feast to the beggars—their squatter neighbors. They gave out tickets yesterday, and did it in no time at all.

"How didst thou accomplish it so quickly?" I asked.

"Oh, we went only a few blocks and gave to the very worst and poorest beggars. It was easy," they said.

At ten o'clock this morning the beggars began to assemble outside the lodge house. Hundreds appeared almost instantaneously—they seem to come from everywhere and nowhere the moment charity is announced.

The girls had bought and prepared the food themselves. "I shall be cook," said Fragrant Water, one of the most brilliant girls in her class; and so saying, she began her work of cleaning water chestnuts and preparing the fish balls.

Fragrant Spring was Master of Ceremonies. She had placed her guards at intervals to keep the beggars inside the paths so that no harm should come to the young trees. Brilliant Orchid opened the gates and took the tickets, and into the compound of the School of the Protecting Spirit walked or stumbled the lame, the halt, the blind, the ragged, the filthy, the worst-looking beggars of the city.

"This one is what we Chinese call a Flower," laughed Fragrant Spring to me. "See her clothes are so ragged they are like falling petals!" And so they were—just rags in strips hanging about her.

Soon these young women of new China had that motley crowd in order. They seated them at tables. Each one was given a picture postcard. The girls were quick to see where the blind beggars sat, and to explain in great detail the picture. After they were all seated and the steaming bowls of rice and meat and vegetables placed before them, Fragrant Spring told them what day it was. In her own beautiful language, but so simple that the most ignorant could understand it, she told them that in a little country not so far away as America a Baby was born; and "we keep his birthday," she said, "because he taught men how to live. That to love God, and to love our neighbors could alone bring the world peace."

"And we worship God, the Great Spirit," said Fragrant Spring, "and we would share with you our food to-day as neighbors."

A little clutch came to my throat. "Perhaps," I thought, "after all it has made some difference in the old city that long ago a Babe was born in Bethlehem."

MAY, 1913

The United States has recognized the Chinese Republic. But it is the Chung Hwa-Ming Kwa (Republic) only in name, for Yuan Shih Kai is at the helm, and his heart "beats for a monarchy, although his lips speak for a republic." He is a dictator. It is hard on the young intellectuals and patriots, and many are already in jail. Only to-day Lotus Virtue and I called at the Model Prison to visit a former student, Delicate Orchid, who is one of the many political prisoners there, although she is the only woman of that class. Her crime was that she had by some clever piece of feminine strategy opened the gates of Nanking for the revolutionary soldiers and later threw all the weight of her power with the younger student element, who so soon after their success saw hopes of a true Republic fade away. Similar to punishments of a by-gone day, her father's home was confiscated for her crime and she was sent to prison. Fortunately, the warden is a

wise, high-minded man who has a picture of Thomas Mott Osborne hanging in his office, and what makes it especially easy for Delicate Orchid is, that he was a fellow student of hers in Japan, and he gives us the freedom of the prison whenever we go there.

It is interesting to see what an educated Chinese woman does in prison! On the way to her room we pass the criminal women prisoners, so terrible in contrast! One of them has killed three daughters-in-law. Another one lies hugging her opium pipe. They have nothing to do and some have to be put in chains, for although Mr. Warden has done marvelous things for uplifting and teaching his men prisoners, he seems utterly to fail with the women. But Delicate Orchid's room is beautiful. Her hair is coiffed to the envy of most of us. Her garments are spotless, for she does her own laundry. She has crocheted a white bedspread since she came. The center of the room is her desk at which she sits. There are two books open on it. One is Carlyle's *French Revolution* in Chinese, and one is Matthew's Gospel—and before we left she read to us a splendid article on woman's duty to New China which she is sending to be syndicated in the newspapers. In prison or in freedom, Delicate Orchid removes all obstacles before her and lives fully!

CHAPTER VIII

I BUY A CEMETERY

A Grave April

I HAVE bought a cemetery. So much of China is a cemetery that in twelve acres of land I am fortunate, I suppose, to be possessor of only five hundred graves! So many Chinese men say there are too many people in China; but if the millions of acres of land now used for graves could be cultivated by the people, there would not be so many beggars to feed in the rice kitchens, nor would a walk through the city's streets be so heart-breaking a journey.

There are too many graves, but there is a reason for it. All down through the centuries, in spite of the worship of ancestors and adoration of the spirit that lingers over the grave, as well as the one that lingers in the Ancestral Tablet, China has been practical. At the beginning of each new dynasty an edict has gone forth to plow under the graves of the old dynasty and so the balance has been kept. But when the Ching or Manchu dynasty closed its almost three hundred years of history and China became a republic—

what then of the graves? There was no precedent for republics and so the acres upon acres of the dead remain, and living China pays the price.

So it is that I am the present sad inheritor of five hundred graves of the Manchu dynasty. Fortunately, there are no graves of great Mandarins among them, but those of the humbler people with their conical towers of cobblestones and earth. Now and then one is marked with a slab of red sandstone.

Anyone who has a cemetery in her possession in China needs friends, and just here I am thankful for the Governor! How glad I am now for the hours I've spent pouring tea! He has put up placards all about the city saying that "Little Sister Han would pay — dollars to the rightful owner of each grave—that is, if the owner would come within three months; otherwise, he said, "I, the Governor, have granted her permission to reverently remove them."

Signed and sealed,

ETC., ETC.

Since very few came, Lotus Virtue and I, through the help of our good man Friday—called "Mr. Pottery"—began to make the acquaintance of a coffin maker and the official gravedigger, who was a most cadaverous-looking individual. He is the petty official who adjusts the boundaries

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of land. He will be a middle man—that most important functionary in all China.

For three months now I have been reburying the five hundred! My good man, "Old Pottery," checks them, but I'm here on the spot for the last rites. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined myself playing a rôle like this—and one cannot write it home—for it would sound perhaps irreverent to some and gruesome to others and totally absurd to still others! But if buying cemeteries and clearing them is the only way to acquire more land for the School of the Protecting Spirit and to provide an educational center for China's daughters in this crowded region of the Province-West-of-the-River, then that's what I shall do.

At first I had thought that the matter could be accomplished in privacy! I should have known better—there is no privacy in China! No sooner had the work begun than people began to appear from "Tung Hsi Nan Peh"—East, West, South, and North, as the Chinese say—a self-appointed committee of the populace who came to see how the "foreign teacher" would conduct this important piece of work and in case she did not do it in accordance with the rule of the fathers—well—

Little Sister Han has been walking a chalk line in the method of dealing with the spirits and dragons. My girls, from the daughters of

A House Boat—by courtesy

Courtesy of World Traveler

The Goddess of Mercy Bridge

peasants to the daughters of the highest officials, run from the grounds with real fear in their faces over the "gwei" or ghosts—they see every night. "But we do see them, Little Sister Han," they say. "Please put the school elsewhere—we can never sleep there. Some great calamity will befall us!"

The graves are of varying age. Some in the seventeenth century when the Manchu dynasty began, some in the eighteenth, and more in the nineteenth. Even though no trace of coffin or bones are found, earth must be taken up, put reverently into a crude new coffin and buried with rites. If not, I tremble to think how the self-appointed committee of the populace would make itself felt. These illiterate people know anatomy —or should it be osteology?—well, for they put the bones in proper relation to each other and with meticulous care and skill they arrange them. They often reclothe the bones, and always burn again the incense and paper money which will give the spirits luxury in the land beyond the Styx.

When a jade bracelet is found, a relative always appears on the scene to claim it before the day is over! It is uncanny the way that invariably happens! I let it pass. I am a guest in a country where ancestors are sacred and relationships intricate!

April 30

The last grave is gone and no calamity has befallen us—we shall win!

May 4

Since the days of the Revolution or, more accurately, "The Returning Light," schools for girls have been springing into being everywhere.

The government is opening them; educated women are opening them in their homes; groups of the gentry are opening them as an act of charity. There can't be too many. There is the School of Heavenly Feet (meaning the school which stands for natural, unbound feet). There is the Silk-Worm School, where in addition to the three R's the girls will be taught the improved methods of producing silk.

Yesterday there was a Field Day in the great court where but a few years ago stood the old Civil Service Examination stalls that have been in existence since the beginning of the Han dynasty—or about the time of the Christian era!

How often on this very spot during these two thousand years have Confucian scholars written with great conviction: "The aim of female education is perfect submission—not cultivation or development of the mind!"

A few of these long-gowned, long-nailed schol-

ars who had sat in these very stalls and written essays and poetry for their degrees, stood yesterday and watched what seemed to them a scandal and a sign of the decadence of civilization—young women going through physical drills—and in public!

"Is that education? Is that what a Republic means?" asked the old scholars, who, though they could not grasp the meaning of what they saw, could repeat every word that Confucius ever wrote! The first prize of this first great Field Day was given to the School of the Protecting Spirit!

MAY 10

Having won the first prize, we are more talked of than ever. The new Governor has announced that he will visit us.

MAY 11

His Excellency paid his visit to us to-day. How different this visit from those royal ceremonials of former Governors in the days before the "Returning Light" (Revolution)!

The clearing of the streets for the long procession, the red umbrella held high to announce the approach, the queues with their long silk tassels, the brocaded robes, the priceless sables, the peacock feathers, the amber beads—in fact,

the royal *tout ensemble*—all were conspicuously absent!

The Tuchun, or Military Governor, came on horseback with few attendants, and with the same courtesy with which we greet any important guest, we greeted him. He is cordial. He likes everything he sees apparently, and there is little he doesn't see. He sees the piano and wants to hear us play. Then he sits down and tries it, but doesn't like the result as well. He asks how long it would take him to learn—and what did the piano cost? This is a very proper question according to Chinese etiquette.

He sees the map of China the children have made in sand. He hears the kindergartners sing. He wants us to train the teachers for the Government School for the city! He will send his daughter when she is old enough.

As he departs he wishes to present every one with a medal and will send the sample for us to see—and says, as he makes his final bows, that this is only the first of many visits!

MAY 15

I grow bolder. Since the graves are gone and all is quiet I am now destroying the Dragon's backbone in the Dragon Sand—the "I" being two hundred coolies whom Old Pottery has hired for me. It is done by piece work. For each basket

of sand a coolie digs from the hill and throws into the pond he receives a little bamboo stick which is put into his pocket and at the end of the day he is paid so much for each stick. So far, all is well, and soon magnolias and bamboo, oleander and azalias will bloom where once were stagnant ponds. "No more malaria" is my slogan.

June—On a House Boat

It is called a house boat by courtesy. It is, in fact, a Chinese junk, and is so low that I cannot stand up straight in it, although I must confess its owner and crew can. It is carrying me to the city of the "District of Poles," so called because poles are the only means of guiding our little boat through the rapids!

This morning before I had eaten my breakfast and as our boat was gliding peacefully past a little walled city far inland from the shores of the river, I heard, "Halt, who goes here?" It was a military tone, and was said sharply. "Halt," the voice said again, as my boatman paid no attention. "I will examine your cargo."

"I have an Ocean-teacher [foreigner] on board," said my mild-voiced boatman, feeling sure that would answer all doubts of the River Police

"Halt," again came the tones more angry.

Instantly I scented trouble and rushed out,

waving the silk Stars and Stripes in my hand, which I carry as a passport whenever I venture into the far interior. At the sight of the Stars and Stripes the sword of the angry River Police dropped to the deck. He saluted. Then bowed very low and with face wreathed in smiles he made such apologies as can only be made by the versatile language of China.

"Foreign Teacher," he said, "why had the boatman not said thou wert of the country of the 'Starry Flag'? It is your honorable country who is the friend of our unworthy country. I shall enter the city yonder and tell the magistrate thou art here. He will make thee the city's guest and grant thee its key!"

We were obliged to stop for supplies of fish and eggs, and, true to his word, the River Police soon came with the magistrate, who literally presented me with the key of the city. It was a wooden key as large as a suitcase admitting me to a city into which probably no American woman had ever gone!

"The Foreign Teacher is our first honored guest," said the magistrate, politely, in the third person, "since the days of 'Returning Light' and the establishment of the Republic. A feast is being prepared, and we await our honored guest!"

And because no excuses are valid in this land of plenty-of-time, we rode in chairs until we

reached the quaint square city wall resting quietly in the midst of wide fields, just as it has rested since its building—all untouched by the passing of the centuries.

Four gates, one on the east, west, south, and north, as the Chinese put it, complete the plan of this little city. One drum tower from whose strategic height generals of bygone days directed their forces, rose above the parapet of the wall on the west.

No questions were too insignificant to be answered. "Yes, your Honor, a school for girls whose faculty is mostly of women—many of them those of your own honorable country," I boasted, proudly.

It seems that the business of this little city in the fields is carried on by Chinese women. Here were suffragettes unknown to the world, yet secure in their rights. Once, long ago, they told me, the men of the city went to war and were gone so long that the women had assumed control of the business. The sad day came when messengers returned to say that their men had been captured and slaughtered by the enemy. After the war was over, most of the women married, as it would not be wise to have a city of widows, but all married with the provision that the business and its management was theirs. They would take the men as husbands and fathers to their children

but not as managers of their finances. And "until this day," said the people proudly, "our women manage well the business."

Giving back the large wooden key with due ceremony, I returned to my little house boat (by courtesy).

What astonishing tales one might find, if she should venture far afield into the walled cities whose names are unknown even in China beyond a radius of one hundred miles!

JULY

Another summer has come upon us and finds us with our orphan family greatly increased. It is impossible to leave the children in the scorching plains where the thermometer is registering one hundred and twenty degrees. So with sixty-six pieces of luggage, eighty coolies, and seventeen children we arrived this morning on the mountain top! Our tiniest orphan, "Precious Jewel," had a temperature of one hundred and three degrees on the entire journey of three days. For the rain descended and the floods came and beat upon our little boat, so that even though we sought the sheltered haven on the lake, while the thunder and lightning continued, we were twenty frightened people! The boat leaked, the heat was insufferable, the tossing so great that many of our number suffered *mal de mer*. When the storm was

over and we reached the city of Nine Rivers, like a veritable caravan we started up the mountain-side.

Precious Jewel was better as soon as she felt the fresh air of the mountains, the Amah who carried her told us, and now she will soon mend.

Will China ever discover her beautiful hills and make them into summer resorts? Perhaps people of wealth in China will some day start the fashion, but it may be that Precious Jewel will remember her experience and some day be courageous enough to make the venture. At the present time the people of wealth have no more comforts in the heat of summer than have their poor countrymen—save a punkah and a little more space.

AUGUST 10, 1914

Europe at War! How innocent seemed the shot fired at Sarajevo and yet in so short a time it has been a shot heard round the world! I have tried to explain to the Chinese what this war may mean to us all. But this part of the country has known no war in this generation. The survivors of the Tai Ping Rebellion were mere children when it swept the country, taking its toll of twenty million. My British friends are trying hard to speak kindly to their German neighbors. Relationships are getting daily more and

more strained. In this international settlement on the mountain top in China, we follow with intense feeling each battle. Belgians are here and Germans, French, Russians, and British—indeed all varieties of Europeans. Traveling through the Suez will be cut off, the Germans tell us, as they are already planning on their victories with airplanes which will block the way. It is so difficult to talk in the morning with German friends and in the afternoon with British. Where will America stand? The strain is almost unbearable.

A Midsummer Temple Visit

For three days we have been camping in the Temple of the Goddess of Mercy! Three days we have been far, far away from the talk of the strife of nations in one of the most beautiful spots in the whole wide world.

We walked most of the way which was a drop of two thousand feet from the top. Part of the way the path led through pine woods, much of the way by the great creek with its massive smooth black rocks, and always as we looked up yonder was a huge rocky crag hanging over! Every few miles there was a natural swimming pool of clear mountain water. We tried each one, and after the swim basked in the natural sun parlors on the black rocks!

As we came under the shade of great pine,

cryptomeria, and jinko trees, we knew we were approaching the temple. Down through the ages, the Buddhists have been lovers of beauty, and the most beautiful spots have been appreciated and preserved by them. Always too in the midst of barren mountains a Buddhist temple will be surrounded by beautiful trees.

Looking beyond the trees, we saw the Goddess of Mercy bridge, a high-arched camel's-back bridge which with the reflection in the clear water below makes a perfect circle. Across the bridge is the "Seventh Well Under Heaven," which we agreed might easily have been the First Under Heaven from its satisfying draft to thirsty mortals.

We put up our beds and over them mosquito nets, in a secluded part of the temple beside the stream.

The Goddess of Mercy herself was in a special room which was filled with the offerings of multitudes of women desiring sons. The gifts covered the walls, the floor, the ceiling, and many clung to her numerous beneficent hands.

Within, the temple was spotless. Our cook was given *carte blanche* to the temple kitchen, and for three days we ate food served from the spot that has been serving Buddhist priests for many hundreds of years.

On the third day of our camping and the day

we were to leave we ventured upon the subject of the European War.

"War? No," they had not heard of it, they said. "Was China at war?" they queried. We tried to tell them as best we could, but this complicated European War was difficult to explain to men to whom the world was divided in two parts —China, and foreign countries. The present state of unhappy Europe was beyond them. A long discussion followed on war, or, rather, against war, for we agreed with them.

"Our Buddha says, 'He who is strongest in patience, he is the great man' "—they said. We wondered, and left these ascetic priests still dreaming.

Away off yonder in Europe men are dying. My British friends grow pale with anxiety. The world's mind is on the Marne, but the Buddhist priest beats his drum, calls his people to prayer, receives their alms, and leaves the world just as he received it from his fathers.

Not a struggle for the higher plane, but patience, he says, is the great virtue—patience with things as they are.

No, Buddhist priest, I love your temples, and your trees, and your calm, but I shall create if I can in the daughters of your people a divine discontent with "things as they are."

CHAPTER IX

I BECOME THE ADMIRAL OF A FLEET OF JUNKS

SEPTEMBER. ON THE PLAINS

TWO weeks ago to-night I was singing to a group of music lovers in the cool heights of the Li Mountains. To-night I am again a contractor and builder and have to-day counted and recounted fifty thousand bricks! Since they are piled in blocks of one hundred, it is not a difficult task. The brick maker whose twenty kilns I have practically kept running for two years watched me with keen amusement. "Honorable Teacher Han is like unto our late Empress Dowager!" he said, most politely with a low bow. It was the first time I had been compared to Old Buddha—and knowing her many-sided character, I could not be too complimented by the remark. "She ordered one hundred boats to be delivered," he continued, gravely, "and the contractor, thinking she would not count them, delivered only ninety-nine! But Old Buddha counted them, and when she found one was lacking ordered him summarily beheaded! He

pleaded eloquently and promised to make her a boat of marble if she would but spare his life."

"Yes, I have seen that marble boat," I said, "and have had tea there, in the beautiful summer palace in Peking."

"Little Sister Han will find the five wan [50,000] bricks there to the last brick. We learned our lesson from the Dowager Empress," he said.

"It is even so. I have counted them," I said in my best Chinese.

So it is ever with business in China. We speak always in the most polite language, mostly in the courteous third person, and we quote as many of the classic proverbs and stories as possible—and all on the surface is as smooth as the river before a storm. Being interpreted, this little Empress Dowager story means that I shall count every brick; and because of what he has learned of me, rather than because of the dramatic story, there will be no bricks lacking in his consignments!

An Autumn Funeral

Old Mr. Hsu passed away yesterday in his seventieth year! The servant came bearing the sad message to Lotus Virtue and me. We knew him well and recently attended the noisy and elaborate celebration of his seventieth birthday.

We therefore ordered a beautiful blue satin banner about as large as a bedspread to be made at once. We selected classic Chinese characters meaning "There is no death" to be cut in white felt and placed vertically in the center of the banner. After a rod by which it might be hung was put in the top it was sent to the mourning family. China does not send flowers for the dead. There was not a flower anywhere, but there were numerous blue and white satin banners that filled the walls of the guest rooms and the Ancestral Hall in the large Hsu mansion.

When we arrived to pay our respects to those who mourned this wealthy and prominent Confucian gentleman and scholar, we halted outside the gate as usual for a moment. All was still. Just as soon as our cards had had time to make their way to the inner courts to announce us, we heard a wailing that sounded as the wailing of the Jews must sound at Solomon's wall in Jerusalem. We entered the inner courts, where twenty or thirty women sat draped in coarse unbleached muslin. Their hair was covered with muslin like their garments. Their eyes were red and their voices hoarse from weeping. As long as we stayed they would continue their wailing, so we paid our respects as quickly as possible and departed.

In front of the Hsu residence on the street

there stood a large paper house about the size of a camper's tent. It was scrupulously built, with bamboo frame. There were paper sedan chairs, exquisitely made and apparently ready for a journey. There was silver paper representing taels—literally an ounce of silver; there were chairs and tables and bowls all made of paper. There was food. In fact there was everything that goes to make up a luxuriously appointed mansion. Not a detail was lacking in this work of colored paper. To-morrow morning when Mr. Hsu's body is taken from the house, one of his spirits will linger in the Ancestral Hall, a second one will hover over his mausoleum; the third passes on to the other world. Just at that moment the paper house will be burned, and through the smoke on the wings of the wind it will pass over the River Styx, there to provide him every luxury he has enjoyed in this world.

OCTOBER.

A rumor has come to-day that a railroad will be built from the Yangtse to the City of the Flourishing South. It will be the first in this province of twenty-eight million people. A later rumor says that there will be machine-made bricks where stations are to be built. Since the kind of bricks this province has made and used for two thousand years are somewhat porous, I go

The Empress Dowager's Marble Boat
"As Idle as a Painted Ship Upon a Painted Sea"

Educators-in-the-Making for the Province West of the River

My Friend, the Buddhist Nun

upon an adventure for machine-made bricks. If I succeed, my last building will be the best of all. If they are to be had, I shall bring them down the Yangtse and over the Poyang Lake and up the Sunset River to the new School of the Protecting Spirit.

A November Sail

My adventure is over. I lost ten pounds, but I gained over three hundred thousand bricks, two hundred iron beds, and a piano! It was worth it. But eleven such days no one in America can imagine! I shall leave it discreetly out of letters. Following the rumor of machine-made bricks and the railroad, I sailed across the Poyang Lake to the City of Nine Rivers, and through the proper middlemen I bought three hundred and forty thousand bricks. Then through other sets of middlemen I had them put on large sailing junks to take them across the Lake. It took forty-nine big junks to carry them. For every junk there was a hieroglyphic bill of lading. By the time I had filed the thirty-ninth piece of literature I bought a bamboo basket to carry them in!

While I was packing the bills of lading a notice came that a large freight consignment from America had arrived. Another adventure! What could it be? Upon spending a few hours un-

winding the red tape I saw two hundred white iron beds that generous Mrs. W. had sent. I spoke on the School of Protecting Spirit in her drawing room in New York and here are two hundred beds—her gift! Nine more small junks, nine more large bills of lading. I was fast accumulating a library. Not trusting fully these small boatmen, I sent my faithful Old Banter with them. He was my cook, my middleman, the buffer between me and the inquisitive world! But the safety of the beds must be assured.

As soon as I had taken care of the beds I found that since the Death Angel had broken up our home the executors had sent me the piano and many household treasures. One more boat and one more bill of lading for the piano and me.

The flotilla of fifty-nine boats was ready to set sail. The fifty-eighth got a very good start, but the fifty-ninth, which carried the flag and me, waited for a basket of food. My friends at the City of Nine Rivers made ample provision for the three days' journey. The wind was favorable, and had it continued, would have carried us across the lake in that time.

At the end of three days, however, the food was gone and I was tossing in my little boat anchored six miles down the Yangtse—just within sight of Hu Kou (the mouth of the lake).

The rains fell as though clouds had burst.

Thunder roared. The nights were black and long. The days were dark and longer. How that little iron anchor thrown into the mud on the shore of the wild, raging and ever-rising Yangtse, could hold our boat is yet a mystery! I wake up nights now living over the years of agony I spent in those hours of tossing in the wild blackness.

There was a leak in the roof. I opened my umbrella and put it over my head. My oiled sheet I spread over my knees, and my washbasin at my side. Rats came in for company, but finding me belligerent, soon departed.

I had with me only three books. I shall never forget them. Tennyson's *Poems,* Meyer's *Medieval and Modern History,* and the Bible. I read them all!

Napoleon and Abimelech will from now on be my warm friends, for they shared all my secrets in those eleven days. A day's let-up allowed us to enter the lake. There, on its high crag, rose a Buddhist Temple. It never looked safer or more attractive than it did from the tiny boat on the tempestuous lake.

We were blown up to the great Hai San (Shoe Mountain) that jutted up out of the middle of the Poyang. We let down our sail and stayed for hours in the shelter of one of its little coves where the priests keep their boats, for a beau-

tiful temple is spread over the mountain island, and many priests live there. They loved telling me the myths of the lone rocky mountain: how the daughter of the Prince was once robed in her wedding garments ready for the ceremony, when suddenly she was not to be found. She had flown to her true lover, who waited beyond the lake. But in her flight she dropped her golden slipper in the water, and it rose up out of the lake a great shoe of rock—a lasting reminder that such an unfilial act could never be forgotten.

In the lull of the storm we would put up our sails and go on. We stopped a day at Ca Ma Shi—the great Frog Stone that has played such an important part in the commerce of the lake.

"This very Frog Stone," said the credulous boatman, "was once a real large Ca Ma [frog], but the city of the South Wind on this side did not play fair in trade, so the Ca Ma swallowed its commerce and gave it to the city of the South Cliff yonder, which has become prosperous. Of course the people of the South Wind had their revenge by putting out in small boats and with chisels destroyed its resemblance to a frog, thereby destroying its power."

The boatman's wife was greatly interested in life. For eight long days I shared her food. To be sure, it was red rice or "coolie's rice" and bean curd mostly, but it was the best they had and

we could not buy. Every day I had been hearing a cock crow, and every day I had expected to see a chicken served for dinner—but no. The day we passed Lao Yie Miao, the Official's Temple, (Buddhist), my friend, the boatman's wife, carefully cut off the cock's head, let its blood drip into the water, and finally threw in the entire cock, that "his blood might mingle in the raging waters of the Poyang to calm them," she said. She who would consider herself fortunate to have one chicken dinner a year had thrown the entire cock away cheerfully to appease the gods. "But you do not know how our gods answer our prayers," she said. "The storm will be better to-morrow, now that we have made the sacrifice and prayed to the gods of the lake!" I smelled incense.

The next morning was clearer. Oh sun and moon and winds! What can I say to them to destroy their faith in such worship? By the tenth day we reached the city of Wu Cheng, which meant we had made eighty miles of the lake in safety.

It was dusk, and in attempting to land we ran on the sharp point of the anchor of a neighboring boat! Immediately water began to come in. Soon it came into my room, which was the central section of the boat. I crawled out to the top and saw that we were in water only three or four feet deep. But the boat was filling fast and there

stood my precious piano treble end in two feet or more of water!

"Get coolies," I cried to the boatman in my most effective Mandarin, for it was getting dark. Paris as described in the War News could not possibly be as dark as the shore of that lake soon became. With exasperating deliberation the boatman started and after fully an hour he came back with twenty coolies, all talking at once, so that it sounded like an approaching mob. They brought ropes and pulleys and poles.

"Will Honorable Little Sister Han tell us what is in the box?" the leader asked.

"Yes, certainly, it is a large 'Chin,' musical instrument, a valuable one just sent me from America."

They shook their heads and chatted. Some of them plainly doubted. But knowing that it is always dangerous to interrupt an exchange of this picturesque language, I listened to a discussion as to whether that box might not contain ammunition or some strange, new device for the foreigner's hospital.

The chattering had a threatening sound, but at last ended, as I knew it would, in their attaching a pulley to the top of the mast and pulling out the piano, dripping streams of muddy water from its wooden case! It would drain during the night on the top of the boat, I thought.

"Little Sister Han?" I heard as a question in audible whispers from the self-appointed committee of the populace which always gathers on such occasions. "Honorable Little Sister Han has a boat of bricks here," said an old dignified-looking boatman, holding up a lantern. "She shall see it in the morning, and we come to escort her to our humble unworthy dwelling!"

I went immediately with this exceedingly courteous boatman to his crude shore home, for I was wet and cold and hungry when I had time to realize anything about my feelings. There was a warm welcome from the women of the household, as warm as courtesy and hot vermicelli could make it. But a home in which there was no fire on a cold, raw, windy night was not very comforting to one's body that was quaking with cold and whose clothes were wet to the knees. I put on my warm gloves and heavy coat over my clothes and lay down to sleep after weary hours of answering questions about my honorable country.

"What were the people like? Please say just one word of American to let us hear the sound of it!"

I told them that for "fan" we say "rice." "Lice, lice," they all cried from the oldest Gung Gung (grandfather) down to the smallest child, who was kept awake to see this strange foreign

guest, and laughed that such a funny sounding word could ever mean *fan!*

"How difficult it must be to speak!" they said.

Suddenly I realized that no one on earth knew where I was. Even friends in the City of Nine Rivers, who ten days ago put up my lunch and said good-by, had every reason to expect that long since I had arrived at the City of the Flourishing South, and the people of the City of the Flourising South had probably been anxiously awaiting me for more than a week. That was all anyone knew. I could not telegraph, but I would get another boat and leave at daybreak. This I did. As I was about to board it my gracious boatman host pointed out into the lake to a mast projecting out of the water and said, "Yonder is Little Sister Han's boat of bricks!"

Quickly I changed my mind. For in my dealings with the Chinese I found nothing ever thrown away—everything is salvaged, as the war news tells me the Allies are beginning to do in France and England these days. "There is nothing which the people of the Middle Kingdom cannot do," I said. "They can always *'Hsiang Fa Tsz'* [think of a way out]. I am sure there is a way of getting up the bricks. I do not know how, but I shall remain here until it is done!"

But the self-appointed committee of the populace who had been arriving to hear my bargain-

ing for the new boat and to see what effect the loss of a boat of bricks might have, hovered about me as a crowd does a soapbox orator at home—the only difference being that *they* did most of the talking. The leader, with a calm philosophic tone as though I were a child, said, "If Little Sister Han will wait just eleven months the water will be low again and we will get every brick for her."

Little Sister Han took their advice. What else could one do? She still waits for the bricks, but not in the City of *Wucheng* (No Wall). That morning from among the hundreds of boats, whose masts made a forest in the bay, I sailed away in spite of the fact that Little Sister Han had become a bad "joss." The rest of the way clear skies were my good fortune. We sailed out of the lake and up the yellow waters of Sunset River with a favoring wind that carried us faster and faster as we approached the City of the Flourishing South. Just ahead were the city gates. Yonder towered the roof of the new School of the Protecting Spirit. I went out on deck to express my gratitude upon seeing again every familiar tree. But nearer and nearer as we approached stronger and stronger blew the gale.

"No can land," shouted the boatman, and as I passed the school with dozens of children stand-

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ing on the banks waiting to greet me after eleven long days, I waved all the handkerchiefs I had, and, as if an irony of fate attended me, I sailed on for two miles before we could make a safe landing.

Still two miles away! But when I finally did arrive on my squeaking wheelbarrow (they all squeak) at the school gate, what rejoicing and what tears! Two men had formed a searching party. They had all waited and watched and prayed for the safe return of the fleet and of this adventuress with her bricks—though they did not call me that!

When the serious days were over and they realized I was actually there in the flesh, they confided the many things they had said while I was gone. "Honorable Teacher Han has a piano and watermelon seeds on the boat, so, no matter what comes, she will be happy!" This was what they had said. I suppose they had visions of my playing the piano hours a day on the tiny boat instead of playing my typewriter, as I actually did. I am showered with melon seeds by the pound on every occasion. It is dangerous in China to like anything very much.

There sounds the Temple bell—how grateful I am to hear its velvet tones once more! Grateful indeed, to be on dry land again, to feel a solid floor beneath my feet and to know that I

shall not toss all night on a boat which tugs at a too small anchor for its only security.

My sufferings are as nothing as I look over the papers and read of Europe and the Gallipoli. Strange that one's own concerns should dare to loom so large! What will the outcome be? Day after day Great Britain sees her splendid ships go down to the bottom of the sea. And yet how large seems that one boat at the bottom of the Poyang Lake on which lie my thirty-four thousand bricks!

January and a New Friend

I have a new friend—a Buddhist nun. I have just returned from a visit to the nunnery where she is the Superior. It is a long way from here, at the other end of the city, just outside the Gate of Eternal Light. It is a large, rambling old Chinese house with a wonderful garden, where my friend, who is an expert botanist, raises orchids of rare varieties and colors and all the other flowers that make Chinese gardens such bowers of beauty. The place is spotless and the worship room beautiful.

Here, indeed, is a little city within the nunnery walls. In one shack apart from the others a water buffalo ambles blindfolded round and round the tiny room, turning the stone that grinds rice, beans, and wheat to flour. Ancestors of this ani-

mal, I suppose, have walked in this same groove for centuries as the predecessors of these nuns have knelt for ages on the bamboo mats in the prayer room. My friend, who is a well-educated woman, wants to read everything she can and is especially interested in us. "Art thou then, a Christian nun?" she asked me. It was hard to say what I was—an unmarried woman who had left her friends and her country to help other girls and women find a new "tao" or Way of life. What am I, anyway?

She is not at all interested in the English language, she says, but she wants to know what we think and how we think it! And she and I have decided to be mutual interpreters of each other's country and customs and philosophy and religion.

Her feet, of course, have never been bound. She wears a yellow garment exactly like that of the priests. Her head is shaven and she has nine round scars on the top which were burned in, when she took her life vow of celibacy. Her father was a high official of the old day, and as she had the same tutor as her brother, she is, therefore, educated beyond most of her friends.

"Why dost thou wear a hat on thine head?" inquires my Buddhist nun of the shaven head, and "Why are thy shoes shaped so unlike thy feet?" "Is the foreigner's foot that shape?" I had to admit I didn't know why—that there was

no satisfactory explanation for either hats or shapes of shoes.

She likes my watch, thinks it is pretty, but does not see why when there is a sundial in the garden, one needs to carry the time about. "One couldn't go faster for *seeing* the time!" she thinks.

The Chinese will some day, I suppose, buy watches because they are beautiful, and they will some day be the *fashion,* but carrying the time will never save it, in China!

Chinese New Year Again

The Chinese New Year is over, with its calls upon calls and feasts upon feasts! Every member of our small exclusive circle gave a feast, even to Lotus Virtue and me! And at our feast, which was set at two o'clock, the guests came three hours early and stayed until dusk.

The Governor's wife is added to the circle. We discussed the subject of which they never tire—our Western women's clothes. I admitted that our clothes were queer and that some day perhaps we would be sensible enough to wear Chinese garments, which I assured them were perhaps the most modest, convenient, and attractive in the world. "Since I am the only foreigner among you, do you think it would be better if I should wear Chinese clothes when we come together?" I asked.

"Little Sister Han's own clothes are more fitting for her," they said with instant courteous wisdom, "just as our clothes are more fitting for us." So I shall continue to wear American clothes, even though my hat is three and a half years old.

"We hear that ladies of thine honorable country comb their hair once a day and sometimes more. Is it true?"

I admitted that it was, but hastened to add that, in spite of that, it couldn't be compared for beauty with theirs that was combed perhaps twice a week.

ANOTHER OCTOBER

As the days and years grow fuller, Old Journal, you grow thinner. You are more and more neglected. Perhaps some day you will cease to claim any of my time whatever.

We have dedicated two buildings. The usual verbal bouquets have been scattered! Complimentary words have been said about us and to us. In my best Mandarin, carefully rehearsed, I replied humbly to the flow of Confucian eloquence and the stifling shower of compliments from the high state officials. Now that the formal phrases have been said, the test of real work begins in this lovely new compound with every possibility before us.

The school of forty has become a school of

Chinese Lilies

two hundred. An unorganized country school has become the best and latest center of education.

In spite of my humble words to the men of high degree I feel a victor, for I have waited the eleven months, the waters of the Poyang have subsided, and the thirty-four thousand bricks—minus seventy—are mine! Into that building now almost complete they shall go, mud and all—they have become historic.

CHAPTER X

I GO TO WAR AND FIND CHINA

MAY, 1917

AMERICA is too far away. The Pacific is too wide! Ten thousand miles stretch out to the endless distance now—letters, since we boast a railroad, come in a month—but a month is just thirty days too long! For America is at war! My country at war! It is so hard to believe it, to imagine it—I have gotten accustomed to thinking of Belgium, France, England, and Italy at war, but to think of boys leaving American homes—to picture American camps and American last good-bys staggers me! Every thought of you, America, has so long been one of luxury, of peace, of sunlight. Here on this side of the world has been such poverty as you could not imagine and as I could not paint even in words for you. On this side of the world has been unhappiness and misery. Here about me it has been continual dusk, with only now and then a ray of hope shining through. But now, America, the clouds of war are over you! I must fly to you! I want to annihilate the Pacific, I want to breathe your atmosphere. I want to

know what you are thinking to-day! I cannot stay longer than to complete the School of the Protecting Spirit—and then I shall come and share your fate.

JUNE

Chinese officialdom is greatly disturbed over the war. "America the country that loves peace is at war—and China will follow her," they say, and they pull out their Chinese newspapers. "Is this true? Is that true? What do your honorable American papers say? Can I believe what the Germans tell me?" I get out maps and have become an expert in geography in Chinese terms.

So I fly, as I did to-day, from the drawing room where we have discussed Mesopotamia and the Piave to my little office where the orphans are waiting to have their hair bobbed!

The orphans are growing into the loveliest girls imaginable! Up in Kuling, where I put on smart bows of beautiful ribbon on their hair and American sandals and socks on their feet, with always their graceful Chinese coats, the Americans say: "You are spoiling those children. They will grow up only to marry carpenters anyway!"

And I reply, "To the contrary, if they marry anybody, it will be bishops and diplomats!"

Already some of the wealthy men of the city

are asking us to betroth them to their sons. "No other girls in the city are having such opportunities," they insist. But no, these lovely girls of new China shall decide their own future in their own way.

A Summer of Cicadas and White Ants

The mercury in the thermometer climbs up and up. Will it burst? My butter and bottles of water are being pulled up out of the cistern, where Old Banter keeps them cool. The campus is without the voices of the students. It is all very quiet except for the noise of the workmen and the perpetual singing of cicadas! If they would only stop one minute!

To-day no one took a siesta. Even the workmen, who usually sleep for three hours during the sultry noonday heat, worked on with me to save the lumber. For ten thousand dollars' worth of Oregon pine lay piled there in danger of being completely destroyed by the white ants. It seemed so unbelievable that an army of these tiny things of the insect world could work so much faster than this army of great men. There is verily a power in numbers. We poured on pitch, and kerosene, and boiling water. We made a new stand for the lumber, but before putting a pole in the ground for a foundation we filled the hole full of pitch! Our labor was rewarded, for we have

saved most of the lumber from these hungry insects. Evidently, white ants prefer imported delicacies!

September 1—The Propitious Day

We have finally purchased the Temple of the Last Prayer. It has been a long struggle. The Chinese language has been used fluently and at its best. The air has been blue with proverbs, and though money was scarcely mentioned in the interviews it was always the fundamental issue. When Lotus Virtue and I went to take possession of our long-desired temple we found ourselves in possession of more than a temple. We had inherited with it eleven unburied lacquered coffins! "They are awaiting the propitious day of burial," said the priests. The necromancers would long ago have given the relatives a propitious day, but they were not here to pay for it, and so they have remained unburied.

"This black one has been here about fifteen years," he said—and so he related the individual history of each.

The priests helped us investigate, but in no instance were we able to find the responsible relatives. And because they were now our possession and our responsibility, and because the priests could not assume it for us, Lotus Virtue and I became our own necromancers. We decided that

on August second the stars were in just the right relation to each other to make the day propitious, and with the help of those who had been our lieutenants in removing the five hundred graves we buried the eleven coffins in a lovely, quiet spot in the shadow of the city wall. The Temple of the Last Prayer we have torn down and are using the bricks to build a kindergarten on the same spot. But we were not quite happy about it until yesterday, for in front of the Temple was the executioner's grounds. As in Jerusalem Jews took their criminals just outside the city wall to crucify them, so down through the ages at the City of the Flourishing South have the Chinese brought their criminals just outside this city wall through the Virtue Conquering Gate, and sometimes by crucifying and sometimes by beheading, have shed their blood just here.

But before every execution the criminal was permitted a final shriving and for this he went into the Temple of the Last Prayer. Turning the Temple into a kindergarten we felt something would be done about the executioner's grounds. We waited, but nothing happened. Then Lotus Virtue and I talked with one of the high officials, saying, "When the daughter of your Excellency comes to this school it would not be the desire of your Excellency to have public executions just here."

"No, no," he cried before we could finish the sentence. "But no one can sell or give that land. When Little Sister Han builds her wall she will bulge it out a little and take in the grounds!"

We're bulging the wall to-day!

October and a Metamorphosis

The war news looks grave. Italy's line is giving way, and the Chinese wonder what it is all going to mean! They search our faces when we talk about the war, as if to find the truth beneath our words! It is uncanny. The British are recruiting Shantung men to work behind the lines in France, and that means Chinese families are going to feel a share in it. I dread what they will see of the Western world at war!

The last beautiful building is almost finished. It will be dedicated in a few weeks. The new desks and chairs have been made here—according to my drawings and pictures from furniture catalogues. No one knows the blessings of a catalogue who doesn't live ten thousand miles away from home.

The winding paths are being made—the camphor trees, the pines, the peach and persimmon trees, the bamboo and magnolia are being placed to make the compound a bower of beauty and shade.

No one except Lotus Virtue and myself can

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see the rolling hills of graves and ponds and huts that once covered this spot of loveliness.

The Temple of the Last Prayer has become a Temple of Play for the children of our neighbors. In these last few months these neighbors have changed from enemies to friends.

I have walked through the narrow alleys of the squatters' huts many and many a time when from one end of the alley to the other I could hear "Foreign devil"—"The Foreign devil is coming!" And how I have helped to discipline that whole community of beggars only Lotus Virtue knows! For as I walked along disobedient children defied their mothers, who were quick to use the opportunity of my presence in the alley to say, "If thou dost not stop doing that I shall tell the foreign devil to take thee away." And forthwith the naughty child became the embodiment of meekness. I was the *bête noire*.

But the Temple of Play is filled with these children now every day. Lotus Virtue has won them. It has not been easy, for the mothers believed that the spirits of the dead criminals still lingered about the old executioner's grounds, and that belief had to be overcome. We overcame it by tea parties!

The first tea party in the Temple of Play or the Kindergarten was on Wednesday; very few

came, but these few had such a good time that when a second tea party was held on Saturday twice as many came. All the week they told and retold the stories, until the third tea party, when the room was filled to overflowing. Spirits of criminals who were supposedly lingering in these grounds were completely forgotten. The children now planted flowers and played such games as their mothers had never heard of, and on these very grounds too, that once ran red with blood! Superstitious mothers were as happy as their children. A kindergarten five days a week and one on Sunday—and Lotus Virtue had performed the miracle.

And now when I walk through the alleys of the squatters, I see a tiny little shaven-headed boy, with his rice bowl and chopsticks in his hand, run out to meet me—and when he greets me he says, "O men tsai tien Shang Ti Fu" ("Our Father who art in heaven"). He wishes me to know he belongs! From the other doorways little tots with only an apron on come running out singing in loud tones, "Chu Ye Su Ai O" ("Yes, Jesus loves me"). They have been to Sunday kindergarten; and now and then a mother tries with the children, who by this time are all in the alley to greet me, to say "Goo Mawlin" ("Good morning").

That is the last and surest sign of neighborli-

ness and brotherhood—an attempt to speak two words of my language!

NOVEMBER

The last dedication is over. It was quite impressive to see the auditorium filled with the officialdom and elite of the City of the Flourishing South against a background of decorations in bamboo and lotus. Over the arch under which we on the platform sat were written in Chinese the words, "The Truth shall make you free." The Chinese scholars confided their fears to me that to use the word "free" would not be understood. But when they saw our impressive ceremony in front of the great corner stone in which is graven deep, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," they thought perhaps the freedom we taught was, after all, the freedom China needs.

The service was much like a dedication in America, but with certain noticeable differences. At the time of invocation the clergyman who led in prayer slowly and reverently removed his glasses, and every man and woman in the audience did likewise. The Chinese do not pray with glasses on!

The speeches were all in Chinese and consisted mostly of formal phrases. One of those who spoke is a Han Lin—the highest degree given in China in the old day—literally it is a degree of

the "Forest of Pencils"—I suppose so many pencils wrote for the examinations that the few who won the coveted degree should ever be reminded of the thousands who had striven for the goal.

December

China is sending her men by thousands to war. When foreigners meet in China the air is tense. The dreaded blue envelope has come to friends of all the Allied nations. The news in our papers is meager, we get it weeks late at best, and telegrams days late. American men are restive in the Orient. Little Sister Han too is restive.

A December Famine Benefit

A famine in China! and the second one since I have become so surely a part of this country. News of it will go to America, I suppose, and they will send money and flour, but they can never picture what a famine really means. We who live here among these people, who walk past the huts and hear the cries of hungry children at night, know that a famine is so many degrees beyond mere hunger. We see the trees stripped of leaves, the animals gone, and the hollow-cheeked people who remain, crawling in the direction from which they hope for food. Then we see them drop by the wayside, dead before the goal is reached. China is doing all she can. The Governor appointed a

committee, and for the first time in all the centuries a woman is a member—Little Sister Han.

We decided to see what the women of the city could do in giving an entertainment in the auditorium of the School of the Protecting Spirit. The Governor's wife was a patroness and started an excellent precedent by taking one hundred tickets at one dollar each.

It was a tremendous success. The girls gave the court scene from the "Merchant of Venice" in English interpreted into Chinese by an interlocutor. They gave the Maypole dance to Sousa's music played by the Chinese Police Band. They gave tambourine drills—also to Western music played by this Eastern band. The elite women of the city sat there smoking their water pipes, talking and asking questions throughout the scene as they do in their own theaters, and altogether enjoying themselves. But we sent a thousand dollars as the first contribution from the women of the city.

The girls of the School of the Protecting Spirit are going without all meat for dinner during the famine and are sending the amount of its cost to their starving countrymen in the North!

LATER—DECEMBER

Saying good-by is too sweet sorrow!

I am overcome with kindness. The Governor

writes me a letter asking me to return soon for the sake of the young women in the province "West of the River." Banners of red satin enough to cover my walls are presented with overwhelming ceremony! Who is this Little Sister Han they talk about in such high-sounding phrases? A gold bracelet is put on my arm, the gift of every student high and low, rich and poor. "The pupils of the School of the Protecting Spirit," they say, "will forever be as close to thee in spirit and love, as is the gold bracelet, to thine arm." I love them!

The faculty presents me with—I can scarcely write it—the Temple Bell. Its mellifluous tones will ever more ring out from the School of the Protecting Spirit.

What little I may have done to help thy daughters, men of China, is a grain of sand in comparison to what *they* have done for Little Sister Han!

SEPTEMBER—SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

More than ten thousand miles from where I wrote the last item in this journal I am still under the spell of China. Although I came to you, America, after three months, you bade me again move on to that other sad country where the battle for democracy is being fought. Upon my arrival in Havre after twelve days dodging German submarines I landed to find Chinese coolies

unloading the cargoes at the wharves. China is here two hundred thousand strong! Since they are Shantung men they understand me perfectly, and now and then I find men from Nanking—and one there was who said he had delivered goods many a time at the door of Little Sister Han in the City of the Flourishing South.

They invite me to the huts, into which they flock by the hundreds to hear me speak in the language they love.

It was pathetic in Havre to see them point to the ground and ask, "Little Sister Han, where are we? Could a Chinese woman ever do what Little Sister Han can do?"

And then how I talked and talked of the School of the Protecting Spirit until they have all promised to give their girls a chance when they go back to the Middle Kingdom—if ever they do go back.

They are scattered about France in many different cities. They build roads, they fill in the gaps on the firing line, as they did such a short time ago in the British Fifth Army, two winning the Victoria Cross.

Helping as I was in the Welfare Work in a munition factory in Central France, I saw, to my surprise, fifty Chinese coolies standing about. They were trying hard to say a few French words to show their progress when I turned quickly

and spoke to them—in Chinese! The effect was electric. They immediately *became* Chinese and dropped at once all pretense of showing off. What magic a few words in one's own language can wield in a foreign land!

"Little Sister Han, didst thou cross two oceans to get here too? Canst thou endure this French food with no rice, and no well-cooked vegetables? Wilt thou explain these English and French people to us? They pay much money to bring us from China, they pay us well to do their work so they can go to be killed. We cannot understand them."

After I have tried hard to explain the seeming paradox they ask, "Little Sister Han, hast thou a pain in thine heart for China?" (meaning, "Are you homesick for China?") How little they know how deep a pain I have in my heart for China!

I have just read the first few sentences in this journal when I was wondering whether it would be worth while to "bury myself in China and learn to speak its language." Somewhere from some other sphere to-night mother's spirit looks down and listens—perhaps she is just over me here in dark, troubled, agonizing France. At any rate, mother, you are not sorry you let me bury myself yonder in the deep interior of the heart of China!

Somewhere yonder, thousands and thousands of miles away, two hundred girls look up from their books and their play to remember Little Sister Han; for them it was not a burial of life but a resurrection, and perhaps during the years I am here, if the war goes on and on, there will be graven deep in their hearts, as deeply as it is graven on the corner stone of the School of the Protecting Spirit: "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Should this come to pass, then will that School into which Little Sister Han has built her dreams, become a true corner stone of a new nation that shall be greater and yet more glorious than the China she has learned to so deeply love.

Yes, there is in very truth "pain for China" in the heart of Little Sister Han.

Afterthought

And that "pain" lures me ever back to a rapidly changing China and to the girls who are so great a part of that change in the Province West of the River.

Some of them have become dignified Doctors of Medicine who heal the sick and teach the science of health and happiness.

Some have come to America; have dared the loneliness of years of study ten thousand miles away from home, in a strange land among strange

people, and are now back in China interpreting what they have seen and heard.

Some are teaching their own beautiful children in homes they have established independently of the patriarchal dowager.

Some are teaching in far away villages and towns where "education for girls" rises or falls in the estimation of the whole countryside, according to their ability.

Some are in the new colleges for women in China. *All* are building—not walls for new China, but structures of new thought which shall hold the "open door" policy of China's mind. For as here and there a city wall is torn down to give way to a boulevard or trolley car, so in other matters young China is tearing down much that is old, though she has always something better to take its place.

A young woman, for example, becomes a "living newspaper" interpreting the news of the world to the multitudes of her town who cannot read. She resolves the next generation shall not be so handicapped and accordingly, her generation, discarding the difficult classical *Wen Li,* adopts the simple spoken language or "white language" to be the medium of their newspapers and magazines, a language that the most ignorant can easily learn to read.

A young Chinese widow refuses to have a beau-

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tiful granite arch built in honor of her faithfulness as a widow. She discards the old custom of uselessness and now, at ten o'clock each morning, she can be seen alighting from her fifteenth century sedan chair and entering her twentieth century business office where she directs the telephone system of which she is general manager.

Another young woman becomes a preacher, and others are messengers of good will to homes whose children blossom into a more abundant life at their touch.

From Chengtu to Shanghai, from Canton to Peking, the goal of Young China is put farther ahead with every mile-stone reached.

It is such things as these, old diary, if I follow the lure back to a second glimpse beyond the Moon-Gate, I shall add to the adventures of your fading pages and bring you up to date.

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